

GAMES WORKSHOP®

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FEATURE
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WHITE DWARF®

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GRETCHIN

Large numbers of Gretchin mobs swarm over the battlefield as they follow their Ork masters to war. Armed with crude but deadly weapons such as autoguns and autopistols, mobs of Gretchin can overwhelm even the most stalwart of opponents.



A GRETCHIN MOB WITH AUTOGUNS



A GRETCHIN MOB WITH AUTOPISTOLS AND KNIVES



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SPACE MARINE ASSAULT TROOPS AND GOFF ORKS

This month sees the release of a brand new set of Space Marine assault troops. Designed by Jes Goodwin, the models are equipped with mark 7 armour and come complete with separate jump packs and a variety of deadly close combat weapons. These miniatures are available this month as an Ultramarines Assault Squad boxed set complete with an Ultramarines Assault Squad transfer sheet.

On the other side of the battlefield, Kev Adams has sculpted some splendid new Goff Nobz and Skarboyz to lead your Goff mobz to war. He has also created fourteen new Gretchin which beautifully complement the plastic models in the Warhammer 40,000 boxed set. Eight of the Gretchin are armed with autoguns and the rest are ready for close combat with an autopistol and a knife each.

THIS MONTH'S WARHAMMER 40,000 RELEASES

Ultramarines Assault Squad (Boxed Set of five miniatures)	£9.99
Gretchin (14x miniatures per blister)	£3.99
Goff Nobz (One miniature per blister)	£2.99
Goff Skarboyz (Three miniatures per blister)	£3.99
Space Marine Rhino (Boxed set)	£5.99



THIS MONTH'S WARHAMMER RELEASES

Warhammer Armies Skaven Book	£9.99
Skaven Stormvermin (Four miniatures per blister)	£3.99
Skaven Plague Monks (Three miniatures per blister)	£3.99
Skaven Censer Bearers (Two miniatures per blister)	£3.99
Dwarf Troll Slayers (Four miniatures per blister)	£3.99
Dwarf Giant Slayers (Two miniatures per blister)	£3.99
Dwarf Dragon Slayer (One miniature per blister)	£2.99
Dwarf Daemon Slayer (One miniature per blister)	£2.99

SKAVEN BOOK AND DWARF SLAYERS

The latest Warhammer Armies book is the Skaven. This features a detailed history and background as well as rules for their special weapons. The complete army list includes Skaven heroes, Plague Priests, and Warlocks as well as the Screaming Bell and the Doomwheel.

Marauder Miniatures are releasing new Skaven miniatures including Stormvermin, Plague Monks and Plague Censer Bearers. These models are featured along with special extracts from the Skaven book elsewhere in this issue. Please note that the Rat Ogres shown are not yet released.

Aly Morrison has also designed some axe-wielding Dwarf Slayers. Amongst them are Troll Slayers, Giant Slayers, a Dragon Slayer and a Daemon Slayer.

SPACE HULK COMPETITION WINNERS

The following are the lucky winners of our Space Hulk computer game competition run in White Dwarf 164. We received a huge response, if you didn't win then better luck next time. Keep a look out for more exciting competitions in future White Dwarfs. Each winner receives a copy of the brilliant Space Hulk computer game.

Lee Griffiths – Sidcup, Kent

Christian Schmidt-Madsen – Denmark

Gareth Minney, – Swansea

Edward Harrison, – Shipston on Stour

Brad Haan, – Victoria, Australia

Neil Kirkham, – Harrogate, N. Yorks

Cathal O'Kane, – Derry, N. Ireland

Robert Patrick, – Carrbridge, Inverness Shire

Robert James, – South Glamorgan

Giles Duffin, – Doncaster, S. Yorks

Alun Roger, – Retford Nottinghamshire

Ben Savage, – Buckinghamshire

B. Trendall, – Dorking, Surrey

Adam Pearce, – Gillingham, Kent

Stephen Gray, – Clacton on Sea, Essex



SHREWSBURY GRAND OPENING

Our apologies to everyone for the confusion caused by our printing the wrong date for the Shrewsbury Grand Opening in White Dwarf 167. We've heard from the Shrewsbury staff that for everyone who made it, the Grand Opening was a great day and we're sorry for any problems that the misprint may have caused.

GAMES WORKSHOP



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OPENING SOON!

Our second store right in the heart of Sydney! We should be open for early December, but please phone our Chatswood store for a firm date. We would hate for you to come too early!

Our city store is on the ground floor, City Centre Mall, Pitt Street entrance in the centre of Sydney.

See you there!



MAN O' WAR

THIS MONTH'S MAN O' WAR RELEASES

Skaven Doombringer (Boxed set)	£4.99
Skaven Deathburners (Boxed set of three miniatures)	£4.99
Skaven Warp-Raiders (Boxed set of three miniatures)	£4.99
Orc Wyvern riders (Boxed set of three miniatures)	£4.99
Imperial Griffon Riders (Boxed set of three miniatures)	£4.99

NEW SKAVEN FLEET AND FLYERS

Skaven take to the high seas aboard new Plague Fleet vessels, designed by Dave Andrews. The Doombringer, featuring the screaming bell, is the flagship of the fleet. The rest of the Skaven war fleet is made up of the Clan Pestilens Deathburner and the heavily armed Warp-Raider.

New flying creatures reinforce your Orc and Imperial fleets in the form of Orc Wyvern Riders and Imperial Griffon Riders designed by Michael Perry.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

Over the Christmas holidays your local Games Workshop Store will stay open on the following Bank Holidays:

Monday 27th of December
Tuesday 28th of December

All of the stores, except those in Scotland, will also open on the **3rd of January**.

NEW PARIS STORE

Visitors to Paris will be pleased to know that we are about to open our second French Games Workshop store at:

10 Rue de Haute Feuille
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See you there!

WHITE DWARF

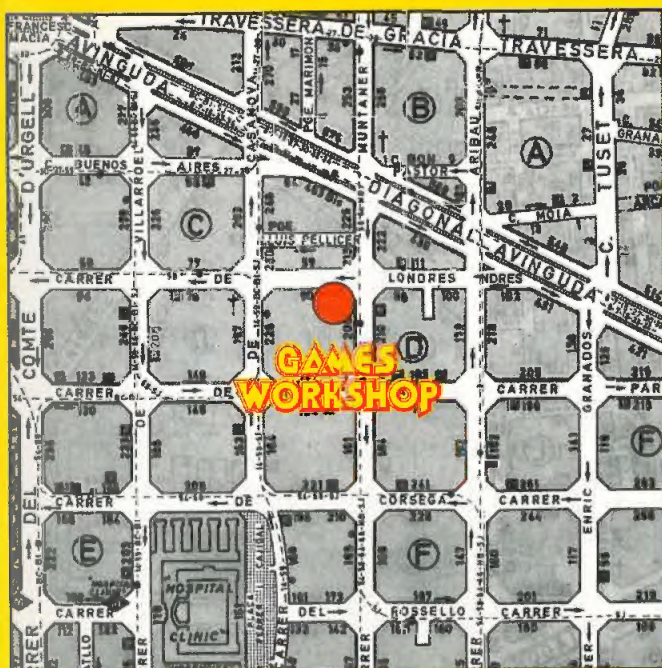
FREE NEXT ISSUE!

Free with the next issue of White Dwarf is this magnificent Warhammer 40,000 bunker, complete with full assembly instructions, datafax, mission card and a new scenario. Don't miss out on this exciting free model – be sure to reserve your copy of White Dwarf today.



GAMES WORKSHOP®

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Jocs and Games has now re-opened as the first Games Workshop store in Spain and is stocking the full range of Games Workshop Games and Citadel Miniatures

Jocs & Games acaba de convertirse en la primera tienda Games Workshop en España. En ella podrás encontrar la gama completa de Juegos Games Workshop y Miniaturas Citadel.

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Games Workshop is planning to expand rapidly in 1994 and so we need to employ energetic Retail Managers for our growing chain of stores.

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Send your completed application form to the following address by the 1st Jan 1994:
Simone Greasley, Games Workshop Limited, Chewton Street, Hilltop, Eastwood, Nottingham NG16 3HY

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Games Workshop Gift Vouchers are available in £5.00 or £10.00 denominations from our Mail Order Trolls or from your local Games Workshop Store NOW!



WARHAMMER

40,000

BLOOD ANGELS DEATH COMPANY

By Rick Priestley

Clad in black armour bedecked with skulls, the Blood Angels Death Company are fearsome warriors. With their Chaplain leading them they charge into battle, ignoring wounds that would kill normal men and eager to purge the universe of the enemies of the Emperor.

CHAPTER HISTORY

During the dark days of the Horus Heresy the Blood Angels Chapter of Space Marines found itself embattled upon Earth itself. The full force of Chaos was arrayed against them, and as the armies of Horus fought their way towards the centre of the Emperor's palace, all appeared lost. Yet, as the most lowly Adept of the multitudinous offices of the Adeptus Terra knows, in the end the Earth was saved and Horus defeated, though at a terrible cost. The story of the Death Company of the Blood Angels is just one of the many echoes of those great events which still effect the Imperium today.

As the forces of Horus closed in around the Emperor the position seemed hopeless. The battle, and with it the fate of humanity, would be resolved within a matter of hours at the most. The outcome seemed no longer in any doubt, and the Emperor and the remnants of the loyal Space Marine Legions prepared for a final stand. They were doomed and humanity was condemned to eternal damnation in the hells of Chaos, yet they were determined to prove their defiance to the last. If Chaos must triumph, as it surely would, then it would do so only in the face of the greatest resistance possible.

The Blood Angels had fought long and hard since the bombardment began. They were already battle weary, but within them the human spirit burned as vigorously as ever. The



A Blood Angels Death Company smashes through an Ork position.

winged Primarch Sanguinius seemed to be everywhere at once. Wherever the fighting was thickest he appeared, soaring over the battlefield and swooping down upon the daemonic hordes below. Together with his Space Marines he had defied the might of Angron, the Chaos Primarch of Khorne whose World Eater Chaos Space Marines had devastated a hundred human worlds. Yet the onslaught was too great, and the Blood Angels had been beaten back to the Ultimate Gate in the Emperor's Palace.

As the Emperor and his Primarchs gathered for a final stand, Horus made the fatal mistake which cost him victory. To this day no-one can say why Horus chose to drop the defensive shields around his ship, allowing the Emperor to teleport aboard and destroy Horus. Historicists of the Adeptus Terra point to the expected arrival of the Space Wolves and Dark Angels Legions, maintaining that Horus was deliberately throwing down a challenge to the Emperor in an attempt to lure him into a trap. If this is correct, Horus was determined to resolve the conflict before the arrival of the other Space Marine Legions. But it seems unlikely that Horus did not know the relief force was still several days away. Even with these additional Space Marines it is hard to imagine how the Emperor could defeat the inexhaustible hordes of Chaos. The Ecclesiarch Deacis IX wrote, 'Perhaps it was some vestige of humanity within the monster that he had become which finally betrayed Horus. His love for the Emperor, once sincere but long since turned to hate, may yet have overcome Chaos in the end'. Maybe it was so. The veil of history was drawn over those events ten thousand years ago, and such things will never be known for certain.

According to all records of those troubled times the Emperor, Sanguinius, and a small force of Space Marines in Terminator armour boarded the Warmaster's space fortress. The story has

become part of the folk-myth of the Imperium, and is told a hundred different ways, but on the following details most versions agree. As they materialised the boarding party found themselves divided, and Sanguinius was positioned closest of all to Horus himself. It is said that the Warmaster offered Sanguinius a place beside him, a Princedom in Hell, and everlasting life as a minion of the Chaos Gods. For the last time in his life Sanguinius renounced Chaos and prepared for battle. Horus was once the most mighty of all the Primarchs. Now he bore heinous marks of his Chaos Masters. He was swollen with power, gigantic of size and distorted in his daemonic form. Now he was more powerful than any mortal creature. For his part Sanguinius still bore the wounds of his battle on Earth. He had fought Daemons and survived, but against Horus he was as an insect to a hungry and gigantic monstrosity.

It was a short and bloody battle before the brazen throne of Horus. The blade of Sanguinius sang as it spun through the air, cutting and stabbing at the Warmaster's armour. The armour of Horus bled where that blade touched it, for now the Warmaster and his armour were one, it had grown to be part of him. It was not for long that Horus endured this whirling dance. He lashed out clumsily. Lightning claws arced through the air, catching upon bulkheads and doors, tearing great gashes and sending molten metal shrieking across the floor. Soaring over Horus' head, Sanguinius easily avoided those sluggish strokes, and eagerly sought out a weak spot in Horus' defences. As he flew he spotted a damaged link of armour on the Warmaster's neck, and Sanguinius stabbed out with all his remaining strength. His blade lodged at once in the Warmaster's armour. Horus screamed more with anger than with pain, and reached out to strike the winged Primarch. Steel talons dripping with plasmic energy closed upon the winged Angel of Baal.

According to some versions of the tale it was this wound that Sanguinius struck which opened a chink through the armour of Horus, enabling the Emperor to slay his enemy. The Blood Angels certainly say as much in their doctrine. They pray to Sanguinius as they do to the Emperor, for he remains their patron and guide in death as he once was in life. In any case, when the Emperor found the Warmaster it was as he stood over the broken body of Sanguinius, the Primarch's wings twisted and feathers still at last. The rest of the tale has no direct bearing upon the future of the Blood Angels and is well known. Suffice to say the Emperor defeated Horus after a long and hard-fought battle in which the Emperor was himself mortally wounded, and after which he was placed in the eternal stasis of the Golden Throne from which he has ruled the Imperium ever since.

After the final battle was over, and the forces of Chaos were retreating towards the Eye of Terror, the established Space Marine Legions were reorganised into the smaller Space Marine Chapters. The Blood Angels had lost many warriors in the war, but worst of all the genetic banks which provided their implants had been partially destroyed. The only way to make good the damage was to reculture gene-seed from the body of Sanguinius, the Primarch whose genetic structure had been used to create the Blood Angels. Live germ cells were isolated within Sanguinius' body, and eventually new implants were cultured. In this way the Chapter was rebuilt using the gene-seed of Sanguinius taken from his dead body. At the time all seemed well, and it was only over the following millennia that the gene-seed showed traces of mutation. Such matters are not unusual. Every Chapter's gene-seed is subject to a process of evolution or decay, and so must be vigorously examined and periodically purged of fault. As a result most Chapters have idiosyncracies, but in the case of the Blood Angels these were to prove very strange indeed.





BLOOD ANGELS SPACE MARINE DEVASTATORS



Miniatures designed by Jes Goodwin

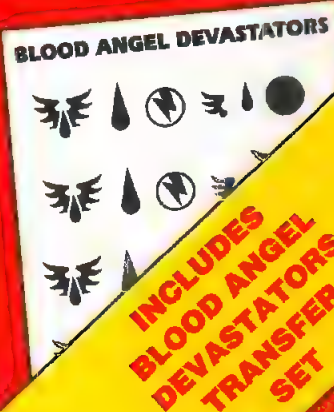
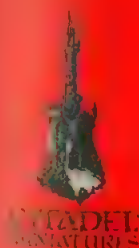
Miniatures supplied assembled. Base paint not included.

The Devastator squads of the Blood Angels Chapter are equipped to provide support fire on the battle field. Four of the five Space Marines carry awesome heavy weapons. One is armed with a heavy bolter, ideal for laying down a withering hail of fire. The second has a heavy plasma gun, a weapon that fires explosive super-heated plasma. The third is armed with a lascannon, the ultimate tank buster of the 41st Millennium and the fourth has a missile launcher, a long range weapon which can fire either armour penetrating shells or explosives. The fifth Space Marine is a sergeant equipped with a deadly power fist — an energised gauntlet which can tear apart armour and crush enemies in hand-to-hand combat.

The Blood Angels Devastators box contains five Space Marines in Mark 7 power armour. These metal miniatures come with separate plastic arms, backpacks and bolters, allowing you to assemble your models in a variety of poses. The box contains four heavy weapons and a Blood Angel Devastators transfer sheet with all the basic markings you need to apply Chapter, squad and army badges to your models.

WARNING! These miniatures contain lead and may be harmful if chewed or swallowed. Citadel Miniatures are not recommended for children under 14 years of age.

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**INCLUDES
BLOOD ANGEL
DEVASTATORS
TRANSFER
SET**



SPACE MARINE PREDATOR

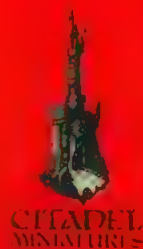


Model supplied unpainted. Banner not included

Predator Battle Tanks form the mainstay of a Space Marine Chapter's support vehicles. Armed with a turret-mounted autocannon and a lascannon on either side of the hull, the Predator combines manoeuvrability and heavy armament. Although Predators can form armoured companies, they are usually deployed in smaller numbers with perhaps one or two Predators providing strong tactical support for each of the company's task forces.

This is a multi-part plastic kit which requires a degree of modelling ability to assemble. Also includes Blood Angels, Ultramarines, Space Wolves and Dark Angels transfer sheets which allow you to complete your Predator in the Chapter markings of your choice.

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**GAMES
WORKSHOP**



**INCLUDES
FOUR
SPACE MARINE
TRANSFER
SHEETS**

THE BLACK RAGE

The Blood Angels are unique in that their genetic implants were cultured from the dead body of their Primarch. Deeply engraved within the gene-seed is the encoded experience of the winged Primarch, and most deeply imprinted of all is the memory of his final battle with Horus. Over many centuries this genetically encoded vision of darkness has haunted the Chapter. On a subliminal level it affects everything the Blood Angels do and everything they are. It disturbs their sleep with nightmarish recollections, and it colours their imagination with gory images of sacrifice. For the most part these things dwell deep in the unconscious mind, and form an unspoken bond amongst the brotherhood of the Blood Angels.

Sometimes an event or circumstance will trigger the ancient encoding. This happens only rarely, often upon the eve of battle, but it is likely to be a fatal experience for the Blood Angel warrior whose mind is suddenly wrenched into the distant past. The Black Rage overcomes him, the memories and consciousness of Sanguinius intrude upon his own mind, and dire events ten-thousand years old flood into the present. To others the Space Marine appears half mad with fury: he is unable to distinguish past from present, and does not recognise his comrades. He may believe that he is Sanguinius upon the eve of his destruction, and that the bloody battles of the Horus Heresy rage around him. As well as Sanguinius' memories the genetic imprint releases other attributes of the Primarch, and the Space Marine is suffused with incalculable power.

On the eve of battle the Blood Angels bend their thoughts to prayer and to the sacrifice of their Primarch so many centuries since. As the Chaplains move from man to man, blessing each in turn, they note those amongst the brotherhood whose eyes may seem a little glazed, or whose speech may appear slurred or excited. For these are signs that within this warrior the past is stirring. The prayers go on. Some, almost all, overcome the ancient intrusion into their minds. All their warrior's training is directed at controlling it, beating it down into the depths of their being. But for some the imprint of Sanguinius is too strong, the memories too loud and demanding. As the Chaplains chant the Moripatris, the Mass of Doom, the chosen ones fall into the arms of their priests, and are taken away. They are the Death Company.

The Death Company is arrayed in black armour upon which are painted red saltires, crosses of blood red which symbolise the sacrifice of Sanguinius. The Chaplains often remain with the warriors as they pass through the initial period of fever. They rave aloud and their bodies are wracked with convulsions as they relive in their minds the final battle between Horus and Sanguinius. Eventually the fever passes but the warrior's sense of identity is changed forever. In his mind he is both Sanguinius and himself. He is suffused with the death agonies of the winged Primarch, and his consciousness is divided between the past and present. He knows that death is upon him. Death in battle, fighting at the Emperor's side, against the foes of the Blood Angels.

The Death Company is led into battle and directed towards the foe by the Chapter's Chaplains. As the enemy approach the Death Company stirs to its fate. In his mind each warrior becomes the winged Primarch, a battling fury of devastation and defiance. The warriors fight with the certainty of death, few wounds will harm them, yet ultimately they will succumb to their fate. Should they survive the battle they will probably die of their wounds afterwards, once the frenzied slaughter is past. It is best that they die for if they do not their torment will be all the greater. Their genetic implants, driven to tortuous

levels of activity, release dangerous hormones into their bodies. Madness overtakes them and destroys their noble minds, turning them into beasts that crave for flesh and blood. The true fate of these poor unfortunates is only known for certain by the Chapter itself. There are tales of the dark labyrinth beneath the Tower of Amareo, and of the howling cries that demand the blood of the living, but none can say for certain what secrets lie beneath that haunted place.

BLOOD ANGELS DEATH COMPANY

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Death Company	4	5	4	4	4	1+1	4	1	10

SPECIAL RULES

Extra Wound. As they reach a heightened state the warriors' bodies are able to temporarily ignore the effect of mortal wounds. Only after the battle, when their metabolism calms down, do these wounds kill them. To represent this the Death Company Space Marines start the battle with 2 wounds each (1 normal wound + 1 extra temporary wound). If they sustain 2 wounds during the battle they are slain, but if they sustain only 1 wound they survive. However, after the battle is over but before you work out which side has won, you must deduct the extra wound from every Death Company Space Marine. This means that any Death Company Space Marines who have already suffered 1 wound will be dead, and these extra casualties **do** count towards the final victory points.

Frenzy. The Death Company Space Marines are affected by the rules for Frenzy as given in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook with one exception. Death Company Space Marines can never take a restraining test to avoid going into Frenzy. This means they are always affected by the rules for Frenzy and must always charge the enemy if able to do so.

Psychology. Aside from Frenzy, the Death Company Space Marines are not affected by any of the psychology rules. They never test for fear, terror, or other psychology described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Leadership. Except where noted above, Death Company Space Marines are automatically assumed to pass any Leadership tests they are required to take and so cannot be broken or shaken. Their Leadership value is therefore never used, but is included for comparative purposes.

Chaplain. The Death Company can only fight as a coherent unit as long as it is led by a Blood Angels Chaplain. It may then fight in a dispersed formation (individual models up to 4" apart). If the unit is not led by a Chaplain then it dissolves into a mass of rampaging individuals. The squad coherency rules cease to apply and each model fights on its own. Should this happen, individual models will charge the nearest enemy within their charge range in accordance with the Frenzy rules. If there are no enemy within charge range each model moves its normal movement distance in a random direction (use the scatter dice to establish a random direction). This random compulsory movement is worked out as soon as charges have been declared but before chargers are moved, as is usual for compulsory movement.

BLOOD ANGELS DEATH COMPANY ARMY LIST

O-1 CHAPLAIN

Champion	55 points
Hero:	85 points
Mighty Hero:	119 points

Armed with Crozius Arcanum, bolt pistol, frag grenades, power armour (3+ save) and Rosarius (containing conversion field, 4+ unmodified save). A Chaplain may have up to two Wargear cards, and any combination of additional wargear allowed by the Space Marine Wargear list (see the Wargear list for points values).

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Champion	4	5	5	4	4	1	5	1	9
Hero	4	6	6	5	5	2	6	2	9
Mighty Hero	4	7	7	5	5	3	7	4	10



O-1 DEATH COMPANY

35 points per model

If your army includes a Blood Angels Chaplain it may also include the Death Company. An army can only ever include one Death Company. The Death Company must be led by a Chaplain and must consist of at least 5 models, but can be larger if you wish. There is no formal unit size or maximum size for the Death Company.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Death Company	4	5	4	4	4	1+1	4	1	10



EQUIPMENT

All Death Company Space Marines wear power armour (3+ save), and are armed with a bolt pistol.

OPTIONS: Any Space Marine may be armed with a boltgun (3 points) and/or up to two of the following weapons:

Chainsword	2 points
Power Glove	10 points
Power Axe	7 points
Power Sword	6 points
Plasma Pistol	5 points
Hand Flamer	7 points

Additionally, the entire Death Company may be armed with one of the following types of grenade:

Frag	2 points per model
Krak	3 points per model
Melta Bombs	5 points per model

Note that a double armed Space Marine does not have to have two different weapons, he can have two the same, although there is little advantage to be gained by doing so. Also note that it is not necessary for the Death Company to be armed identically, each Space Marine may be armed as you wish. The only exception to this is grenades — if the Death Company carries grenades these must be all the same type.

SAVE: Death Company Space Marines have the usual 3+ armour save for Space Marines in power armour.

SPECIAL: The Death Company may vary in size from a minimum of 5 models to as large as you like. However, regardless of its size it always fights as a single unit whilst it is led by a Blood Angels Chaplain. If not led by a Blood Angels Chaplain it ceases to fight as a unit at all, and models are moved randomly as mentioned earlier.

WARHAMMER

40,000

BLOOD ANGELS SPACE MARINE DREADNOUGHT

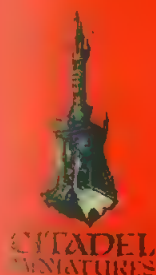


The Space Marine Dreadnought is one of the most heavily armed and dangerous war machines to stalk the battlefields of the 41st Millennium. The Dreadnought is armed with a potent multi-melta to annihilate heavily armoured targets or massed troop formations and a power fist with built-in storm bolter to crush its opponents at close quarters.

Designed by Jes Goodwin, this multi part metal kit requires a degree of modelling ability to assemble.



Miniature designed by Jes Goodwin. Model supplied unpainted.



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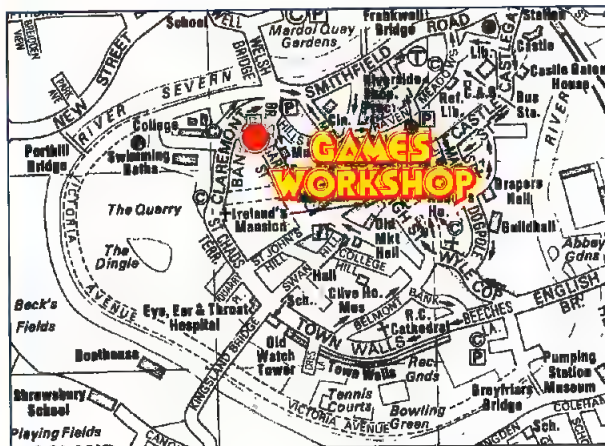
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WARHAMMER

THE ORIGINS OF THE SKAVEN

Scholars and academics argue endlessly over the origins of the children of Chaos known as the Skaven. Some maintain they are simply a variant form of Beastman, others insist they are an entirely separate race mutated not from humans as Beastmen are but from true rats, others still refuse to acknowledge their existence at all.

Determining anything about Skaven is notoriously difficult: they are primarily a subterranean race, and usually only come to the surface during their violent and inexplicable wars. Perhaps the best clue to their creation lies in the ancient Tilean folk tale known as the Doom of Kavzar. The following is a broadly translated text of its thirteen stanzas, and readers may draw their own conclusions.

"Once upon a time, long long ago, men and Dwarfs lived together beneath the roofs of one great city. Some said it was the oldest and greatest city in the world and had existed before the time of the longbeards and manlings, built by older and wiser hands in the dawn of the world. The city lay both above and below the earth, in keeping with the nature of the populace that dwelt there. The Dwarfs ruled in their great halls of stone below ground and wrestled the fruits of the rock free with their day-long toil while the manlings reaped the fields of swaying corn that surrounded the city with a patchwork blanket of gold. The sun smiled, men laughed, and everyone was happy.



One day the men of the city decided that they should give praise to their gods for their good fortune. They planned a temple such as the world had never seen before. In the central square a colossal hall would be built and topped with a single, cloud-piercing tower. A tower so tall it would touch the very heart of heaven. After much planning with the help of the longbeards they set about their monumental task.

Weeks became months and months became years and still the manlings built. Men grew old and grey working on that great temple, their sons continuing their work

through summer sun and winter rain. At last, after many generations, work began on the great spire. Years passed and the tower reached such a height that the manlings found it ever more difficult to take the stone up to the top. Eventually the work slowed to a crawl and finishing the tower seemed impossible. Then one came among the men of the city who offered his help in their great scheme. He asked a single boon of them in return and claimed that if they would grant it he would complete the tower in a single night. The manlings said to themselves, "What have we to lose?" and offered to make a bargain with the grey-clad stranger. All he wished was to add his own dedication to the gods onto the temple structure. The manlings agreed and the bargain was struck.

At dusk the stranger entered the unfinished temple and bade the manlings to return at midnight. Clouds swept over the moons, cloaking the temple in darkness as the manlings left. All over the city men watched and waited as the hours slipped past until, near midnight, by ones and twos, they gathered again in the temple square. The wind blew and the clouds parted as they gazed up at the temple. It rose like an unbroken lance against the sky, pure and white. At its very peak a great horned bell hung gleaming coldly in the moonlight. The stranger's dedication to the gods was there but of the stranger there was no sign.

The manlings rejoiced that their fathers' fathers' work was done. They surged forward to enter the temple. Then, at the stroke of midnight, the great bell began to toll, once... twice... thrice. Slow, heavy waves of sound rolled across the city. Four... five... six times the bell rang, like the torpid pulse of a bronze giant. Seven... eight... nine, the tolling of the bell grew louder with each ring, and the manlings staggered back from the temple steps clutching their ears. Ten... eleven... twelve... thirteen. At the thirteenth stroke lightning split the skies and thunder echoed the sound. High above, the dark circle of Mórrslieb was lit by a bright flash and all fell ominously silent.

The manlings fled to their beds, frightened and puzzled by the portents they had seen. Next morning they arose to find darkness had come to their city. Brooding storm clouds reared above the roof-tops and such rain fell as had never been seen before. Black, like ash, the rain fell and puddled in the streets, slicking the cobbles with darkly iridescent colours.

At first some of the manlings did not worry, they waited for the rains to stop so that they might resume their work. But the rains did not stop, the winds blew stronger and lightning shook the high tower. Days stretched into weeks and still the rains did not stop. Each night the bell tolled thirteen times and each morning the darkness lay across the city. The manlings became fearful and prayed to their gods. Still the rains did not stop and the black clouds hung like a shroud over the fields of flattened corn. The manlings went to the Dwarfs and beseeched their help. The longbeards were unconcerned – what matter a little rain on the surface? In the bosom of the earth all was warm and dry.

Now the manlings huddled in their dwellings, fear gnawing at their hearts. They sent some of their number to faraway places to seek help but none of them returned. Some went to the temple to pray and sacrifice their dwindling food to the gods but found its great doors were sealed shut. The rains grew heavier. Dark hailstones fell from the sky and crushed the sodden crops. The great bell tolled a death knell over the terrified city. Soon great stones cleft the heavens, rushing down like dark meteors to smash the homes of the manlings. Many sickened and died from no apparent cause, and the newborn babes of the manlings were hideously twisted. Skulking vermin devoured what little stored corn there was left and the manlings began to starve.



The manling elders went to see the Dwarfs again and this time demanded their help. They wanted to bring their folk below ground to safety, they wanted food. The longbeards grew angry, and told the manlings that the lower workings were flooded and their food had also been devoured by rats. There remained barely enough food and shelter for them and their kinsmen. They cast the manlings out of their halls and closed their doors tight.

In the ruins of the city above each day became more deadly than the last. The manlings despaired and called for

succour from the dark gods, whispered the names of forgotten daemon princes in the hope of salvation. But none came, instead the vermin returned, bigger and bolder than ever. Their slinking, furred shapes infested the broken city, feasting on the fallen and pulling down the weak. Each midnight the bell tolled thirteen times on high, seeming now brazen and triumphant. The manlings lived as hunted creatures in their own city as great rat packs roamed the streets in search of prey.



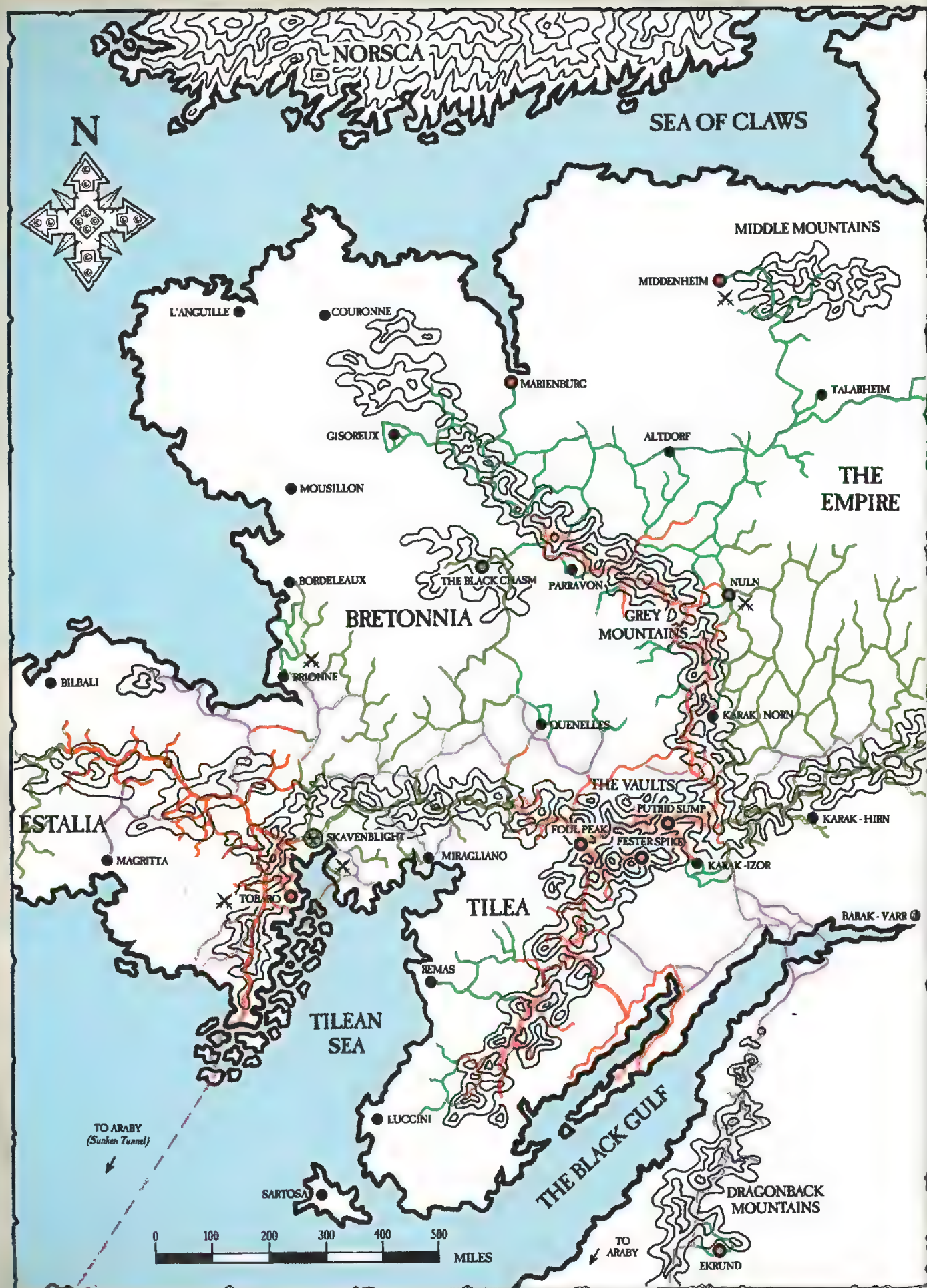
At last the desperate manlings took up such weapons as they had and beat upon the Dwarfs' doors, threatening that if they did not emerge they would drag them out by their beards. No reply came from within. The manlings took up beams and battered down the doors to reveal the tunnels below, dark and empty. Steeling themselves, the pitiful remnants of the city's once-proud populace descended. In the ancient hall of kingship they found the Dwarfs, now naught but gnawed bones and scraps of cloth. And there they saw by the dying light of their torches the myriad eyes about them, glittering like liquid midnight as the rats closed in for the kill.

The manlings stood back to back and fought for their lives, but against the implacable ferocity and countless numbers of the verminous horde their weapons were useless. The tide of monstrous rats flowed over them one by one, dragging them down to be torn apart, the yellow chisel-teeth sinking into their soft flesh, the dark furred mass drowning their pitiful screams with their hideous chittering."

Translated from the Tilean tale
"The Doom of Kavzar" also called
"The Curse of Thirteen".

From the shores of the northern Tilean sea to the foot of the Black Mountains a great morass of dismal marshland lies like a festering plague. This area is known as the Blighted Marshes: an ancient and terrible realm where death comes quickly to the unwary. A permanent, reeking mist cloaks the deep black pools and slimy reed beds from view. Sluggish, muddy channels wind through the mire, mazelike and unfathomable, darkened on either bank by stretches of twisted stalks which resemble nothing so much as corn blackened in a fire. In places pools form, slicked with a dark iridescence where no living things grow.

To enter the Blighted Marshes is to walk to your doom, inviting death in the bottomless murk or the jaws of the twisted beasts that legend has it dwell there. Few brave its terrors for there are no tales of gold or hidden knowledge lying forgotten in its chill clutches to draw adventurers, just black marsh, reeking mist and a lonely death. Few even dwell near it, for fear of the dark secrets it harbours.



THE HISTORY OF THE SKAVEN

Little is known of what became of the children of the Horned Rat after they overran the city that came to be known as Skavenblight. Perhaps they laired in the tunnels beneath the city, bred and sought out more warpstone; perhaps they warred with one another until only the strongest survived. It was around sixteen hundred years before the birth of Sigmar that the first true Skaven crept out of the black pit of madness beneath the empty city. With their heightened intellects and humanoid bodies, the Skaven were soon the absolute masters of Skavenblight.

The Skaven sacrificed lives and warpstone to the Horned Rat and began to learn the ways of magic. As warpstone grew scarcer in the ruins of Skavenblight they ventured further afield and started to expand the tunnels beneath the city. Skaven expeditions found the surface world to be a dangerous place full of wild beasts, Orcs and Goblins, and hostile human tribes migrating along the coast. The Skaven turned inward again, seeking lordship over the realms below for a secure base before they attempted to conquer the world above.

DISASTER AT SKAVENBLIGHT

The numbers of Skaven grew rapidly despite the starvation and disease rife in Skavenblight. Soon the tunnels were teeming with ratfolk. Pressure grew to expand the tunnels ever further and the nascent Skaven sorcerers were called

on for help. In a grandiose scheme the sorcerers planned to open a great rift beneath the earth where they could dwell in safety. They built a great machine powered by sorcery and warpstone that would control the energies of Light magic coursing through the earth. They planned to twist these energies to their command, splitting open the rocks beneath the mountains as they willed.



In a great ceremony in a specially excavated chamber beneath Skavenblight the cabal of sorcerers began their invocations, summoning forth the power of Light magic. The great machine of iron and brass throbbed and smoked as it absorbed and condensed the Light magic. As the sorcerers' incantations reached their climax the machine spat showers of sparks and the ground began to shake, the groan of shifting rock became deafening as the earth began to split asunder.

High above in the temple of the Horned Rat the great bell tolled as the tower swayed and creaked like the mast of a ship at sea. The sorcerers squeaked triumphantly as a great rift started to inch open in front of the thundering machine. But then some part of their machine failed and with a blinding flash it split apart, the unleashed magic ripping through the great chamber. Hundreds of Skaven were smashed apart in a tidal wave of destruction, the ceiling cracked, convulsed and then collapsed in with a roar. The uncontrolled deluge of Light magic crashed out through the earth. It swirled into the roots of the Black Mountains where it gathered new strength and rushed onward like a river in flood.

Around Skavenblight the land shuddered and great cracks opened. Hundreds of tunnels collapsed crushing thousands of Skaven in their underground lairs. As the shock waves rippled outward great geysers of gas and steam spumed out of the ground. The undermined plain about Skavenblight sank with an earth-shaking rumble as the sea rushed in, drowning the tortured land.

Away to the east the coursing Light magic triggered earthquakes and volcanic eruptions all along the Black Mountains here wrenching the ground asunder, there throwing up new mountains in its wake. As the wave struck the Worlds Edge Mountains the fury of it rocked the Everpeak itself. Long-dead volcanoes were rekindled to sudden wrath and the mountains trembled like a frightened beast. The ancient realm of the Dwarf kings, painstakingly carved out of the mountains over thousands of years, was smashed asunder. Earthquakes, landslides and lava flows swept away whole Dwarf cities overnight. Already weakened by five centuries of war with the High Elves of Ulthuan, the Dwarfs were even more devastated by this terrible disaster than the Skaven far away in Tilea.



THE TIME OF THE GREY LORDS

In Skavenblight the ruins of the city lay under a pall of dust. Cracked and partially collapsed, the temple of the Horned Rat still towered over the rubble. All around the city grey water stretched away beneath roiling vapours. Slowly, small knots of Skaven dug their way out of the ruins and emerged to blink at the devastation they had wrought. As the day wore on a great mass of them gathered around the temple. The rank scent of fear hung over the horde. None dared enter the temple though they knew they must seek the guidance of the Horned One. Even as they squabbled before the temple its great doors yawned open and twelve figures stepped from within.

Twelve grey-clad ratlords spoke with one voice to the assembled multitude. The time had come for the children of the Horned One to spread across the world, to hide in the deep places and gather their strength for the Time of Anarchy. Only when the shackles of order and civilisation were destroyed could the Horned Rat rejoin his progeny and revel with them in the ruins.

The twelve Grey Lords warned the assembled Skaven that others would follow to ensure they did not fail in the Horned Rat's great plan, and they should give heed to their words or face the wrath of the Lords of Decay. Then they set the Skaven to re-excavating the tunnels below Skavenblight. Weeks later, when they reached the chamber of the machine, they discovered the deceased sorcerers had partially succeeded in their schemes. Great cracks led away into the darkness below, down into countless miles of dank and lightless caverns forgotten since the world was young.

The Grey Lords convened in council for many days and nights. When they emerged they divided the Skaven horde into twelve parts. Some of them remained in Skavenblight, others led their followers away across the oozing plain and most descended into the roots of the world. The children of the Horned Rat spread out from the depths of the Under-City like a cancer; never again could a single great disaster threaten to wipe out the Skaven race.

Within months Skaven were gnawing at the roots of the Dwarf hold of Karak Varn. Here the Dwarfs were already hard-pressed by hordes of Orcs and Goblins attacking the upper levels. When the Skaven broke through into the partially flooded lower workings the Dwarfs were helpless to stop them. Within a few years the Skaven had seized most of the lower levels, established a colony and were fighting the Orcs and Goblins for possession of the levels above. But the tunnels leading away east from Karak Varn had been completely flooded by subsidence in the lake of Black Water, and to the south-east lay the intact subterranean fortress of Karaz-a-Karak.

The Skaven were blocked from travelling further east for a time. Instead they crept and tunnelled their way north and south through the Worlds Edge Mountains using the natural caverns and abandoned Dwarf tunnels to speed their progress. They crept around Karaz-a-Karak and Karak Kadrin. They tunnelled beneath the shaking roots of Thunder Mountain and the Goblin-infested den of Red Eye Mountain. Within a hundred years of the disaster at Skavenblight the wandering Skaven clans had spread along the Worlds Edge Mountains to the South Lands, Araby and the Dark Lands.

In the far north the Grey Lord Malkrit led his followers into what later became known as the Troll Country in the



Northern Wastes. Here warpstone dust often blew down from the north, twisting and changing beasts into new forms overnight. Malkrit's clan buried themselves deep beneath the wastes and learned to use cross-breeding and mutation to twist creatures to their will and create ferocious fighting-beasts to augment their strength. Thus they became the Clan Moulder, the beastmasters and mutators.

In the Dark Lands the furthest flung of the Grey Lords, Lord Visktrin, was mortally wounded by a dragon in the Mountains of Mourn. He instructed his successor to lead the clan far into the east and establish a colony in the land of Cathay. So Clan Eshin passed beyond the knowledge of the Lords of Decay and into the east.

THE WAR OF CRIPPLE PEAK

After their rapid period of expansion the Skaven stayed below the surface and gathered their strength for the next hundred years. The Grey Lords formally created the Council of Thirteen to rule over the Skaven. The surviving Grey Lords (by now exceptionally old and wicked even by Skaven standards) occupied most of the places on the Council but the remaining places were allocated to any Skaven who could fight their way to the top of their clan and prove themselves worthy of membership. Many Skaven tried and failed but soon the Council stood at full strength. The first order of the Council prohibited the general study of magic so that only Clan Skryre and the Grey Seers, the mysterious solitary prophets of the Horned Rat, could pursue its use.

Around thirteen hundred years before the birth of Sigmar the Skaven discovered that a huge warpstone meteor lay interred in the sundered mountain called Cripple Peak at the edge of the Sour Sea in the Worlds Edge Mountains. The great and evil necromancer Nagash ruled over Cripple



Peak and the lands about it, worshipped by the primitive human tribes as a god. His Undead legions mined the warpstone for Nagash's own use and with its dark power Nagash had forged a powerful evil empire.

The Council ordered that the warpstone be captured at any cost. At their command uncounted thousands of Skaven burst into Nagashizzar, the mine stronghold beneath Cripple Peak, and sought to overrun it from below as they had at Karak Varn. But the minions of Nagash were not caught between two foes and cut off from help. They fought back with equal savagery and held the tunnels against the seething hordes of rat-warriors from below. The Warlocks of Clan Skryre unleashed their dark sorceries to break the deadlock but the ancient power of Nagash was stronger and their spells flickered and died. An endless war of attrition ground on in the mines, the two armies fighting foot by foot, inch by inch. At times one side or the other collapsed sections of the tunnels and relative peace would fall until the warring factions found new routes to reach each other.

As the war stretched into years and then decades the Council of Thirteen hurled ever more warriors into the conflagration. Skaven armies besieged the cities of Nagash's human followers to cow them into submission. The cities burned and the streets ran red with slaughter but the humans still feared Nagash more than death or torture at the hands of the Skaven. Nagash struck back with his legions of walking dead and evil magic. At the last the war bogged down into a complete stalemate: the Skaven were unable to prevail against the power of Nagash and Nagash was unable to drive away the Skaven and complete his own dark plans.

In the end Nagash offered an unholy pact to the Council of Thirteen. In return for their aid in his evil schemes he would supply them with warpstone mined below Cripple Peak. After much deliberation the Council agreed to Nagash's offer. Though in truth the Council desired all of the warpstone and considered it the property of the Skaven by manifest destiny, their reserves of warriors were not inexhaustible and something was better than nothing.

THE DEATH OF NAGASH

After the War of Cripple Peak the Council of Thirteen kept a diplomatic distance from Nagash while they tried to drive tunnels beneath his realm and steal the warpstone. Most of their efforts failed but by now the wide-ranging Skaven had found other sources of warpstone and were less reliant on Cripple Peak. However, when Nagash sent rotting emissaries offering the Council more warpstone in exchange for performing certain tasks they readily accepted. At Nagash's behest several Orc and Goblin tribes were lured and driven down to the Cursed Pit. Intrigued, the Council set their spies to work finding out about Nagash's plans.

At first the scuttling spies of the Lords of Decay could report little. An army of the Liche Lord set sail out of the Sour Sea in ships of bone. Some time later the ships returned bearing a single prisoner, a kingly one from what they saw, a lord or prince of some southern realm. Afterwards Nagash disappeared for a while and the spies discovered that he was below, tormenting his prisoner. Then something began which the Council needed no spies to be aware of – a great and terrible gathering of dark power could be felt over Cripple Peak. Mounting storm clouds of energy formed foreboding some massive use of magic, some spell to reshape the world itself.

Dark nightmares stalked the continent as the Council of Thirteen hurriedly convened. The spies told them that Nagash was already at his ritual and vile portents abounded. The Council used their combined power to scry far and wide for clues to the Necromancer's



intentions. Far to the south they found what could only be Nagash's creation, an innumerable legion of Undead flowing north like a dusty river of bone and parchment flesh. Literally millions of restless dead strode relentlessly towards Nagashizzar to form the mightiest army the world had ever seen. Before them the living would be snuffed out like a candle before a black whirlwind.

Fear gripped the Council – without doubt they would be amongst the first to feel the wrath of Nagash and his unstoppable legions. The spies reported that all was silent in Nagashizzar and the Necromancer was in a trance to regain his energy after such a great undertaking. The

SKAVEN ARMY REGIMENTS



CLANRAT WARRIOR REGIMENT



STORMVERMIN REGIMENT



SKAVENSLAVE REGIMENT

Council of Thirteen realised that they must destroy Nagash now, while he was exhausted, and before his millions of vassals arrived. But who would confront the recumbent Necromancer? They could trust no lone Skaven's nerve and none of the Council was prepared to confront almost certain death for the good of the others. Some of the ancient Grey Lords even doubted that their weapons could kill Nagash at all.

Lord Velsquee finally suggested a suitably cunning plan. In Nagash's dungeons there still languished the prince of the south. Doubtless he would be more than happy to slay Nagash if he were released and armed appropriately. Further, added Lord-Warlock Paskrit of Clan Skryre, if an expendable pawn were used the weapon he wielded could be made more deadly, so deadly it would even take the life of its wielder. For the first time in their long history, the Council of Thirteen unanimously agreed on a plan. With time pressing against them they swiftly set about executing their plot to destroy Nagash.

In utmost secrecy the Council forged a blade of warpstone from Cripple Peak and gromril stolen from Karak Varn. They wove spells of the most dire power into the molten metal, quenched the glowing blade in acidic bile and magical poisons, carved it with runes so deadly that to read them was death. In the pommel they set a chunk of dark warpstone enchanted so that they could see through the eyes of the wielder and channel power to protect him from the Necromancer's spells. When their work was done the Council despatched their most trusted servants to Nagashizzar with the fell-blade locked in a lead casket.

Using secret tunnels to gain access to the deepest dungeons of the Necromancer's lair the servants of the Council crept into the prince's cell. Silently, they freed him and opened the casket before scuttling away. The human took the bait, and grasped the sword. Far away in Skavenblight the Lords of Decay willed him towards the throne room of the Necromancer. Silently obeying, the prince stalked through empty corridors towards his doom.

In the echoing darkness of the throne room Nagash sat alone and with faltering steps the prince approached him. He hesitated for a moment at the foot of the towering figure before the mental urging of the Council made him raise the blade. At last he struck, but with a ghastly shriek the Necromancer raised a claw to ward off the blow. The fell-blade clove through Nagash's upraised wrist but the Necromancer merely staggered before unleashing a deadly blast of power against his assailant. The Council reeled as they strove to protect their pawn. Two of the ancient Grey Lords fell dead with blood spraying from their eyes and ears before they deflected the titanic energies Nagash unleashed.

The human went mad, hacking and slashing at Nagash before he had a chance to recover. The razor keen blade carved through the Necromancer again and again, unseaming even his iron-hard flesh until at last the great Necromancer lay in a thousand pieces. As the human staggered away to madness or oblivion (the Council cared not) the waiting Skaven scurried into the throne room and cast the Necromancer's remains into the warpstone forges, destroying them utterly.

With the death of Nagash the legions of Undead at his command crumbled or scattered. Unknown to the rest of the world the threat to all life was averted and the most powerful necromancer the world has ever known was slain by treachery. The Council of Thirteen sent one of the

Warlord clans, Clan Rikek, to take control of Nagashizzar and mine Cripple Peak of its remaining warpstone. The clan quickly established itself and enslaved the surviving humans of Nagash's empire. Over the centuries that followed huge amounts of warpstone were carried off to Skavenblight and Clan Rikek became very wealthy with the warp tokens they received for their efforts.

Then, one dark and stormy night, a stranger brashly approached the gates of Nagashizzar and demanded entry. The clanrat warriors gleefully swarmed out to seize the fool but as they reached the cowed figure they fell back with whines of terror. Before they could run three paces they were torn asunder by slinking Ghouls that poured out of the shadows. The figure paced forward to the gates, the rattling and whispering of the Undead at his heels. It slowly lifted its cowl to reveal the skull face and glowing eyes of Nagash returned from certain destruction. He spoke secret words of power and the impenetrable gates of Nagashizzar swung open before him. The Undead legions swept into the great Necromancer's stronghold and crushed Clan Rikek in a single night.

When the handful of survivors reached Skavenblight the Council of Thirteen hurriedly despatched an army to besiege Nagashizzar. Months of attacks and counter-attacks followed with neither side able to destroy the other. The Lords of Decay spent many days and nights gleaning what information they could about Nagash. Eventually they divined that though the great Necromancer was still a mighty foe he had been greatly weakened by his previous demise. They knew that most of the warpstone beneath Cripple Peak had been mined out, robbing him of his greatest source of power. So, in the end, they withdrew their warriors from the fruitless siege of Cripple Peak and Nagash remained in his stronghold, unassailable but too weak to venture out. So it remained for many long centuries.



THE RISE OF CLAN PESTILENS

Just over a century after the crowning of Sigmar in the Empire a new power arose within Skavendom. Clan Pestilens, long believed lost or scattered during the first migrations out of Skavenblight, emerged from the rotting jungles of Lustria. It became clear that they had passed far beyond the knowledge of the Lords of Decay, across trackless wastes and distant seas before settling at last in Lustria.

At first the clan had been devastated by disease in the steaming jungles and insect-plagued swamps. But the survivors quickly became inured to the deadly pestilences and welcomed the paw of the Horned Rat in such virulent corruption. The clan eventually made its home in a vast prehuman temple deep in the green hell of the Lustrian interior. They learned much from the degenerate inhabitants of that once-mighty fane and unearthed many dark secrets from the catacombs beneath it.

The generations passed and Clan Pestilens grew stronger. Their warriors fought many skirmishes with the weird tribal inhabitants of the caverns and rain-forests surrounding their crumbling temple-city. They enslaved or sacrificed thousands to the Horned Rat in week-long rituals and became ever more obsessed with worship and ceremony, dedicating themselves to their god with fanatical devotion. Perhaps some ancient madness permeated the stones of the temple or it echoed with the unquiet spirits of past victims, twisting the Skaven's minds to worship as in some earlier time. Or perhaps the Horned Rat really did single out Clan Pestilens to be his disciples of decay and blessed them with his divine vision of corruption.



Whatever the truth, Clan Pestilens thrived and multiplied in their temple-city. Eventually the Plague Monks became a mighty power in the hot, verdant heartland of Lustria and the purulent Plague Lords judged the time was ripe to make their presence felt back in the Old World. A great horde of Plague Monks and slaves departed the temple-city soon after and carved their way through the jungle to the coastal mangrove swamps. Apart from insects, leeches and sweltering heat no-one and nothing assailed them as they travelled. The natives knew well enough to avoid any confrontation with the Plague Monks and wild beasts could scent their corruption from afar. When they reached the coast the monks set the slaves to building a fleet of crude barges.

After months of building the Plague Monks set sail across the Southern Ocean. Miraculously unmolested by storms

and sea monsters the fleet passed over the waves far to the south of Ulthuan and the Elf fleets of Bel-Korhardris the scholar-king. The Plague Fleet made its landfall in the far South Lands and established a new stronghold there. The Lords of Decay convened in Skavenblight to receive emissaries from Clan Pestilens. When the emissaries arrived they bore a list of demands to the Lords of Decay for status, tithes of warpstone, breeding rights and the grant of several positions on the Council of Thirteen. The emissaries were summarily butchered for their presumption and their remains returned to the Plague Lords in the south as an object lesson in humility.

The Plague Lords were angered but unsurprised by the Council's response. Soon afterwards Clan Pestilens launched attacks against two Warlord clan strongholds in the South Lands. The Plague Monks overran the old human city at Bhagrusa in a single night of fire and slaughter before laying siege to the clan stronghold below it. That was the last the Council of Thirteen heard from Bhagrusa before a scouting force reached it several months later. They found an empty city and a stronghold full of festering, plague-slain Skaven corpses. At Mount Lhasa the Plague Monks surrounded the stronghold of Clan Merkit with great cauldrons filled with warpstone mixed with bubbling offal and putrescence. The monks used great bellows to fill the caves below with noxious, bubonic vapours, forcing the clanrats to the surface to be captured and enslaved. Only Lord Merkit himself and a handful of his lieutenants escaped enslavement by Clan Pestilens.

The Council of Thirteen responded by despatching more armies of clanrats supported by Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre against Clan Pestilens. But several South Lands clans capitulated to the Plague Monks after their demonstration of power and helped them resist the armies of the Council. As the years passed and the Council of Thirteen appeared incapable of bringing the Plague Monks to heel other Warlord clans split away from their control. The rogue warlords either joined the Plague Monks or made war on each other to settle old scores and take slaves. Within a few generations the Council of Thirteen lost control of the South Lands entirely and was starting to have problems keeping the rest of Skavendom in order.

For four hundred years the Skaven race remained divided into two hemispheres: the north led by the Council and the south by the Plague Lords. Many clans stood apart from the fighting and continually attempted to ally with whichever side had the upper hand. Constant battles were fought between the factions, terrible magics were unleashed and sorcerous plagues ravaged the South Lands but the war remained locked in a stalemate. Neither the Council nor the Plague Lords were willing to parley or accede in any way that the other was favoured by the Horned Rat and thereby in the right. Finally the deadlock was broken by the reappearance of another supposedly lost clan, Clan Eshin, whose assassin-adepts returned from the far land of Cathay in the east.

Clan Eshin had learned much of the art of stealthy killing from one of the oldest human civilisations in the world. Their black-clad murderers could infiltrate the most well-defended lair and slay the mightiest foes with their deadly skills. The assassins pledged their allegiance to the Lords of Decay in Skavenblight and were soon despatched on many missions against the rogue warlords and the Plague Lords themselves. Over the next five generations the Lords

of Decay used fear and assassination to systematically bring the Warlord clans back under their control, gradually eroding the support of Clan Pestilens.

The Plague Lords realised that their position was becoming untenable and requested an audience with the full Council of Thirteen in Skavenblight. At the intercession of the Grey Seers the Lords of Decay agreed and swore not to try to assassinate the Pestilens delegates. Accordingly, the mightiest Plague Lord of Clan Pestilens, Nurglitch, travelled north with a small band of disciples.

After surviving several assassination attempts en route Nurglitch arrived and abased himself before the Lords of Decay in the temple of the Horned Rat. Clan Pestilens now only requested acceptance into the Council and unreservedly placed the resources of the clan at the disposal of the Council of Thirteen. Furthermore, Nurglitch



respectfully informed the Lords of Decay that he and his disciples were carrying vials of a particularly virulent strain of yellow skull fever. Further attempts to foreshorten his life or deny the requests of Clan Pestilens would leave him no option but to release the lethal contagion in the heart of Skavendom.

Smiling, the Lords of Decay welcomed Clan Pestilens back to Skavenblight. They were pleased to have the resources of the clan at their disposal and happy to preside over Nurglitch's trial by combat to ascertain his worthiness as a Lord of Decay. They added that hidden assassins stood ready to slaughter Nurglitch and his disciples in an instant if he failed to comply. Nurglitch complied.

The trial of Nurglitch was unusual in that it was fought above ground – far, far above ground on top of the great bell tower. As the great bell shuddered out the thirteen tolls of midnight Nurglitch climbed up to face his opponent, Lord Vask, on a space some five paces wide and so dizzyingly high that clouds crept past below it. The burly Lord Vask stood armed with two cleavers against Nurglitch's own serrated blade.

As the bell tolled the thirteenth time the two rat lords snarled and circled carefully around each other, their long tails lashing. Nurglitch darted a slash at Vask's exposed leg, only to be blocked and almost pushed over the edge by his return blow. Vask's other cleaver cut the fur of Nurglitch's shoulder as he rolled away. Vask laid back his ears and stayed in the centre of the platform, forcing Nurglitch to fight with his back to empty nothingness. Nurglitch desperately rained three quick blows on his foe and forced him back a pace. As Nurglitch closed Vask swept his razor-sharp cleavers down at his head and crotch with blinding swiftness. Nurglitch blocked one with his own blade and snarled as the other tore off his ear.

Nurglitch flipped a cleaver over the edge with a practised twist of his blade but Vask caught hold of his wrist before he could recover. The second cleaver rose for the killing

blow and slashed empty air as Nurglitch lunged in to sink his fangs into Vask's neck. Nurglitch and Vask fell together with a grunt, each flailing to keep hold of the other's weapon, blood slicking the stones.

Nurglitch's legs kicked out into nothing as Vask heaved him away over the edge. Suddenly Nurglitch was hanging by his paws, scrambling to climb back up as Vask lumbered to his feet and retrieved his cleaver. Nurglitch's arms shook as he clung on above the infinite gulf of darkness, Vask's blood dripped down on him as the Lord of Decay stepped slowly to the edge and looked down. Vask swayed and tried to raise his cleaver, bloody foam and pus leaking from the black tendrils of contagion already spreading from his ruined throat. With a final, despairing croak Vask pitched forward over the edge.

So the bell tolled for Vask's passing and Nurglitch took his place on the Council of Thirteen. The name of Nurglitch is celebrated by the Plague Monks to this day and by tradition the holder of Clan Pestilens' position on the Council takes the name Nurglitch as a mark of respect.

THE BLACK PLAGUE

In the winter of the year 1111 Clan Pestilens unleashed their most deadly scourge in the Empire. Clan Eshin adepts emptied vials of this vile pestilence into sewers and wells beneath many cities, poisoning the water with a foulness that spread through the human populace like wildfire. It began as dark blotches on the afflicted's flesh which would spread to eventually cover the entire body. Joints swelled and seized leaving the victim contorted in



SKAVEN ARMY REGIMENTS



CLAN PESTILENS PLAGUE MONK REGIMENT



CLAN MOULDER RAT OGRE PACK



CLANRAT WARRIOR REGIMENT

THE HISTORY OF THE SKAVEN

screaming agony. After anything from a few minutes to a week the afflicted would die in convulsions, flopping around like a gutted fish until their neck snapped. The citizens of the Empire came to call it the Black Plague, but many simply called it the Death, or feared to speak of it at all.

The plague began almost simultaneously in Nuln, Altdorf and Talabheim. The roads and rivers that made trade and transport so easy in the Empire spread the plague further and faster than the Clan Eshin ever could. Soon towns were closing their gates against desperate refugees fleeing before the sickness. One by one the besieged towns succumbed to the plague or fell victim to their own diseases in the cramped overcrowding that followed. Middenheim closed its viaducts early on and so escaped the Black Plague altogether but elsewhere whole villages



were swept away by the tide of death, towns were abandoned and cities became empty coffins where the living were outnumbered by the dead. Men prayed to the gods for deliverance but none was forthcoming. Bands of Flagellants wandered the land proclaiming that the wrath of Sigmar had fallen upon the corrupt Empire.

As winter turned to spring the grip of the Black Plague abated somewhat and the Council of Thirteen released the Warlord clans against the tottering remnants of the Empire. Chattering hordes of clanrat warriors overran the depopulated towns and villages of the southern Empire one by one, slaughtering the weakened defenders in an orgy of violence. Crops and livestock were looted and dragged away below ground. Dozens of settlements were burned, often with their occupants still inside. Vertholf Bergon of Nuln described the lands surrounding the city as "A scene from hell, the blackened land pocked to the horizon with burning pyres which painted the sky a lurid red and spread dark, choking clouds as far as the eye could see."

Only the great cities escaped the ravaging Skaven armies in the south; in the north the plague still held the land in a death grip. After years of corruption and neglect the Imperial army was helpless against the incursions of the children of the Horned Rat.

In 1115 Boris Goldgather, the much hated and incompetent emperor of the time, succumbed to the plague himself and the hard-pressed citizens of the Empire finally had something to celebrate. The emperor was one of the Black Plague's last victims, its hold having gradually weakened over the past four years. But by 1115 over three quarters of the population had fallen victim to the plague or the Skaven. Huge tracts of the Empire had been reduced to wasteland and Skaven armies marched openly across Reikland, Averland and Talabecland. Every winter thousands starved in the handful of towns and major cities that had escaped the scourges of disease and war.

In Skavenblight the Council of Thirteen convened and judged the time to be ripe for their final blow. They set armies in motion to destroy the last resistance and enslave all the surviving humans in the Empire.

Over the next seven years the Skaven started to systematically enslave the surviving human settlements. Swarms of scuttling clanrats would surround a farm or village at the dead of night and set fire to it, netting and clubbing the occupants as they fled the flames. They drove long, shuffling columns of men, women and children away to great slave-camps in the ruins of Übersreik in Reikland and Pfeildorf in Wissenland. The lucky ones were left to work above ground growing food for the Skaven hordes but the less fortunate were sent below to work in the mines and forges of the Under-Empire. Whole families were dragged away in chains, doomed never to see the sun again.

As the slaves and booty stripped from the corpse of the Empire rolled in the status of Clan Pestilens rose immeasurably. Even the other Lords of Decay could not deny that the virtual collapse of the Empire had been brought about by the potency of the Black Plague. Because none of the Lords of Decay were willing to openly resist them the Plague Lords of Clan Pestilens succeeded in slaying two members of the Council and securing an unprecedented three positions in the Council of Thirteen. The remaining Lords of Decay separated to their respective strongholds to plot a way to stop the Plague Lords' runaway success.

Meanwhile Skaven armies marched into the previously untouched province of Sylvania. At the beginning of the Black Plague heavy showers of meteors had plunged down from Mörrslieb upon that nighted province and now the Skaven entered to search for warpstone. To their dismay they were met by great bands of plague-slain Zombies and Ghouls. The Skaven made slow progress in a series of skirmishes and small battles and soon started lose many warriors to a resurgence of the Black Plague amidst their own ranks. Grey Seer Skrittarr reminded the warlords of the lessons learned fighting Nagash in the war of Cripple Peak and the clanrats withdrew from Sylvania to find easier prey.

In the north of the Empire Middenheim had weathered the preceding years of famine and pestilence very well. The Count of Middenheim, Count Mandred, had done all he could to help the refugees flooding up from the south and the Priests of Ulric had so far kept the city free of plague. Well-defended, and set atop a giant rocky pinnacle in the forest, Middenheim had no fear of attack and was well provisioned for a lengthy siege in any event.

Late in 1118 a huge horde of Skaven emerged from the forests around Middenheim and encircled it. The citizens of Middenheim only just managed to destroy the four viaducts giving access to the city before the first waves of clanrat warriors scuttled up. Several days later the Skaven infiltrated the tunnels beneath Middenheim, threatening to overrun the whole city from below. But Count Mandred co-ordinated a brilliant defence of the city and the tunnels beneath in the following weeks, combining flooding and barricades with desperate tunnel-fighting by the Knights of the White Wolf and many other stout warriors. Often the Count patrolled the subterranean outposts himself, raising the spirits of the hard-pressed soldiers there by joining them in the dark beneath the streets. Together the warriors of Middenheim kept the verminous hordes at bay and Count Mandred was hailed as the saviour of the city.

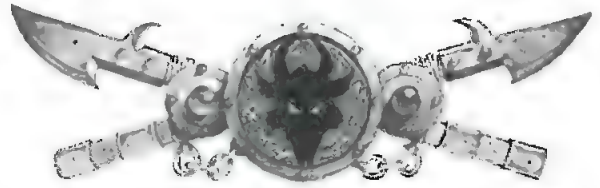
Months of skirmishing and prowling through the labyrinth underneath the city followed, with occasional groups of Skaven getting into the city above to murder and poison before they were hunted down. By early spring the Skaven horde was too riven with famine and pestilence to maintain the siege any longer and withdrew, establishing a secret stronghold in tunnels beneath the city before they left.

As a parting gift the children of the Horned Rat released the plague into Middenheim, already crammed with refugees trying to escape the Skaven and the harsh winter. In such close packed conditions the Black Plague ran riot but miraculously (as the priests of Ulric were quick to point out) the plague seemed to have weakened and only a third of its victims died.

By 1122 Count Mandred had rallied enough support from the surviving Elector Counts to lead a crusade against the Skaven in the Empire. Famine and internecine warfare had thinned the Skaven's ranks, weakening them considerably. Over the next two years a series of great battles was fought in Averland, Reikland and the Howling Hills. Many smaller skirmishes were fought between small forces of Skaven and Empire troops around deserted villages and farms across the land. Gradually the Skaven armies were pushed out of the Empire step by step.

In 1124 the Skaven were finally driven below ground in the Empire. Count Mandred Skaven Slayer was hailed as a saviour of the Empire and crowned Emperor shortly afterwards. Many Skaven strongholds established in the preceding years remained undiscovered and the slaves taken were never freed but the Skaven were exhausted by their efforts. The Lords of Decay realised they were too

weak to counter-attack and finish the humans properly this time. In truth the Skaven had captured so many slaves that they were starting to get seriously outnumbered in some parts of the Under-Empire and the Council of Thirteen feared a revolt. The Council convened again at Skavenblight, determining to consolidate their position and build up the strength of the Warlord clans before launching another assault on the Empire.



Over the next twenty five years the Empire recovered more rapidly than the Lords of Decay believed possible. Under Emperor Mandred's dynamic rule towns were rebuilt and land resettled by refugees returning from Bretonnia and Kislev. To make matters worse, Mandred ordered a constant guard to be kept against the Skaven, setting up organisations such as the sewer watch to halt their incursions. In the Under-Empire the Council was beset by a slave revolt and several outbreaks of Black Plague depopulated some of the holds. The Lords of Decay convened at Skavenblight in the winter of 1151/2. Recriminations flew between the Plague Lords and the rest of the Council, as well as demands for compensation and a number of assassination attempts. Eventually a decision was made to delay further operations in the Empire.

The lone Skaven travelled at night, limping and crawling across the blasted landscape. During the daylight hours he hid from the weak winter sun in one of the ruined farmhouses or under a thorn tangle. His progress was slow but direct; hour by hour, mile by mile, he came ever closer to his destination – the hold of Skabreach.

One hundred miles of forests, hills, rocks, rivers and pain. He wrapped his bleeding, blistered feet in rags, but the bitter cold ate through them. The end of his tail turned black with frostbite, and he had to bite it off. He wasn't used to being alone, or cold, or so ill. The fever swept through his body in waves of cold and heat. Sometimes he became so weak that he couldn't go any further, and he fell panting on the ground, cold sweat slicking his fur. When the weakness passed he would pull himself up and go on, crawling if he couldn't manage to walk.

At other times he became terribly thirsty, and had to eat mouthfuls of raw snow if he couldn't find one of the icy streams that wound through the forest. He lost weight, and his once glossy pelt turned lank and scabby. Food was hard to find. The victorious Skaven armies had driven away, killed or enslaved all the humans who used to live in this part of the Empire. The ruined buildings he came across had been stripped bare, and he was often forced to eat the frozen corpses of humans or their lost farm animals and pets.

The fever was slowly killing him, but it also gave him the will to go on. Strange visions burned through his mind. He saw the lands of the Empire blackened by the massed armies of the Skaven. A cloud of blood and death flowing over the land guided by the terrible red eyes of the great Horned Rat

himself. Nothing could stand before them – proud knights in their gleaming steel armour, the great stamping war horses, the machines that spat death, arrows, crossbow bolts, swords... they were all swept away. He saw inside the human cities too: men and women killing each other for firewood or scraps of food, their children screaming in pain, bodies covered in dark blotches, limbs contorting. Fire swept through their towns and villages, and floating above it all, he could feel the heat and the pain, and it was his heat and pain too.

The fever burning in his blood drove him on and on. When the pain was at its worst, it felt as if great claws were ripping through his body. At the height of his agony he would squeak and squeal his devotion to the Horned Rat and when the pain lessened it was as if he had been blessed. Surely, he lived only to serve the Horned Rat's greater purpose.

When he reached the entrance to Skabreach his strength failed him completely and he collapsed limply on the ground. "News..." he panted. "I bring news from the north, from Middenheim!" As his consciousness was swallowed by darkness he felt the paws of his brethren bear him up and carry him into the safety of the tunnels below.

And so it was that the Black Plague was brought to Skabreach, and within days the infection took such a hold that no Skaven would ever leave that benighted place alive. Thus was the battle returned to the enemy, and the children of the Horned Rat were led to deceive themselves, for their foul deity is not the only power in the heavens. All things wax and wane, and the star of Sigmar rose once again to spread its benison over the Empire.

THE HISTORY OF THE SKAVEN

To protect what remaining holds there were in the Empire the Council of Thirteen ordered the assassination of Emperor Mandred Skaven Slayer. A master assassin of Clan Eshin named Nartik succeeded in breaking into the Imperial palace and murdering Emperor Mandred later the same year. He cunningly completed his act by leaving evidence of a mutant atrocity before escaping into the sewers.

As the Council of Thirteen had predicted the Elector Counts failed to find a successor and fell back into territorial disputes and personal rivalries. By the following winter the Empire had collapsed into civil war and the Skaven had an opportunity to recuperate their strength. Over succeeding generations the scholars of the Empire failed to make any connection between the incursion of the Skaven and the Black Plague so the Skaven were quickly dismissed as a threat to the Empire. Within two centuries what was known about the Skaven became so enshrouded in myth and legend that many educated men even refused to believe in their existence at all.

THE HORNED RAT INCARNATE

Around 2300 the Under-Empire was in the fifth century of its second great civil war. The other Lords of Decay had long been jealous of the power wielded by Clan Pestilens after the unprecedented success of the Black Plague. When a similar campaign was undertaken in 1812 to



destabilise and then destroy Bretonnia with the Red Pox the Plague Lords had confidently predicted its success. After the disastrous failure of the Red Pox many of the Lords of Decay demanded Clan Pestilens be removed from the Council of Thirteen altogether. After months of political manoeuvring, threats, blackmail, cover-ups, bribery and corruption, a vote of the full Council was ordered.

On the day of the vote Clan Pestilens attempted to seize control of the Council chamber with the help of a number of Warlord clans, declaiming the old Council as traitorous and heretical. Fighting soon broke out between the albino temple guards, Plague Monks and clanrats in the precincts of the temple of the Horned Rat. Complete anarchy ensued as the clans squabbled internally or with each other. Old rivalries flared up and ambitious clan lords seized the

opportunity to advance themselves at the expense of the other clans. The Council of Thirteen was fractured as the Lords of Decay retreated to their respective strongholds. Skavenblight itself became a battleground for the warring clans with first one faction and then another gaining control.

Clan Skryre eventually seized the temple and fought off all-comers with the many diabolical weapons at their disposal. Warpfire throwers covered every entrance, Poison Wind Globadiers and jezzail teams were ensconced in the bell tower. Morskittar, Lord-Warlock of Clan Skryre, declared himself ruler of Skavenblight but was ignored by the many factions as the fighting spread throughout the Skaven strongholds in the Old World.

Skavendom splintered into dozens of warring factions for over four hundred years. The war was marked by constant shifts in allegiance, treachery and back-stabbing as the clans sought to support whichever faction was winning at the time. Clan Pestilens, Skryre and Moulder each headed a faction. Clan Eshin remained neutral and hired its

"Let the supplicants present themselves," squeaked the Nightlord as the assassin-guards roughly ushered in the two representatives from Clan Pestilens and Clan Moulder. "Make your offers. I listen and decide. We contract to best-best offer, failed bid dies. Proceed."

The representative from Clan Moulder stepped one pace forward and abased himself on the floor in the proper fashion. "Your honour," he began. "Packlord Trask sends you his most special greetings and begs your mightiness to accept this small token of his respect – a jewelled dagger engraved with runes of power..." Seeing the Nightlord's tail twitch impatiently, he hurried on to business. "According to bargain-law, Clan Moulder respectfully treaty-pledge twenty warp tokens, three packs of giant rats, two specially trained Rat Ogres..."

With a snarl of impatience, Hakflem, the representative from Clan Pestilens, thrust past the unctuous Packmaster. "Do not listen to this cowering fool!" he croaked. "My master, the great Nurglitch himself, makes treaty pledge of *thirty* warp tokens, ten females in prime breeding condition, five weights of black corn and an engraved warpstone amulet. And he sends you this – and bids you remember the *Scarlet Scourge!*"

With a dramatic gesture, he waved a small iron flask above his head. The Nightlord snarled in anger, and three of the black-furred guards leaped towards the offender, drawing their swords in mid-air.

"Foul traitor!" squeaked the Packmaster in feigned outrage, nimbly darting out of the way.

As the three assassin-guards fell on top of Hakflem, he hurled the vial towards the Nightlord. In a blur of speed, the Nightlord snatched the spinning vial from the air. "So perish all those who dare defy me!" he squealed, as the guards hacked Hakflem's body apart until nothing was left but a bloody mess of flesh, fur, and tatters of rag.

One of the guards pounced upon the Packmaster and dragged the cowering ratman forward. "Continue," ordered the Nightlord. "And make it worth my while."

"Mighty Nightlord, most-favoured of the Horned One, Clan Moulder treaty-pledge *thirty-five* warp tokens, *five* packs of giant rats, *three* Rat Ogres..."

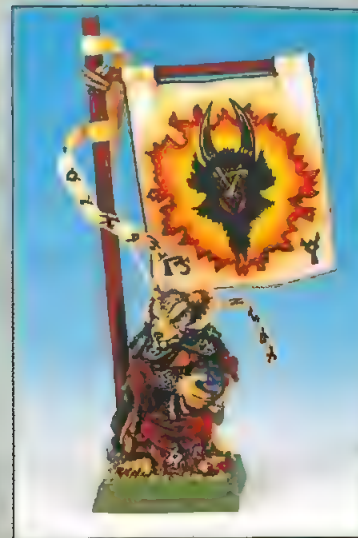
SKAVEN



CLANRAT STANDARD BEARER



CHAMPION



GREY SEER



WARFIRE THROWER TEAM



CLANRAT WARRIOR



JEZZAIL TEAM



STORMVERMIN



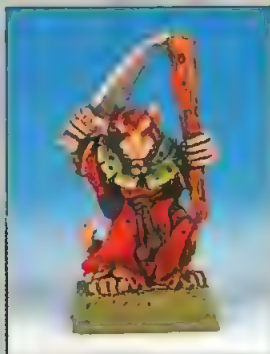
STORMVERMIN WARLORD



THROT THE UNCLEAN



PLAGUE MONK



PLAGUE MONK



PLAGUE CENSER BEARER



PLAGUE MONK

services to the highest bidder. During this time the Grey Seers travelled constantly amongst the clans trying to negotiate a peace between them. Though the Seers were greatly feared and respected some of the factions would not even consider giving up the fight.

As the time of the great Chaos incursions approached portents abounded: a crackling corona played about the dark disc of Mörrslieb, showers of meteors fell from the skies, feverish dreams assailed even the most obtuse and many were driven mad. A rising tide of Dark magic swept through the Old World. The Grey Seers visited every stronghold and clan again. This time they gave the lords an ultimatum. At Skavenblight, during the great annual feast of Vermintide, the Grey Seers would beseech the Horned Rat to pronounce judgement over the warring clans. Any lord who did not attend would be defying the will of the Horned One and become the eternal enemy of him and his servants.

As the time approached the leaders of the clans began to arrive in Skavenblight. Some sent representatives, fearing a trap, but none dared to stay away altogether and defy the Seers' decree. As each lord and representative arrived the Grey Seers placed a powerful and terrible geas upon him to bring no harm upon the others. So it was that on the eve of Vermintide that for perhaps the first time in three thousand years members of every clan in Skavendom were assembled before the temple of the Horned Rat. High above, the lightning-etched curve of Mörrslieb bisected the bell tower, seeming huge and close. An atmosphere of fearful expectation settled over the hushed ranks as the temple doors swung open and the full order of one hundred and sixty nine Grey Seers filed out from within.

The Seerlord emerged last with a great brass-bound tome which he placed upon an iron lectern. As he opened it, glowing blackness from the pages seemed to underlight his face. He read the first words of the incantation, twisted sounds which seemed to crack and split in the air. The other Grey Seers took up the chant and the mists around Skavenblight began to writhe and shift. Storm clouds gathered on the horizons and rushed across the skies towards the city. The squeals of the Grey Seers rose in intensity as they began the sacrifices.



One hundred and sixty nine slaves died one by one in increasing agony, the last dying slowly at the paws of the Seerlord himself. Their fear and pain reached out into the bowels of creation to where the Horned One gnawed at the roots of reality. The great bell tolled as the brooding storm broke, lightning lashed down at the bell tower and blinded the assembled Skaven with its actinic glare. The bell tolled again and again, impossibly loud, drowning out the thunder and the frenzied chants of the Seers. The

ground shuddered and cracked as the bell tolled for the thirteenth time and then fell silent.

In the sudden quiet the Seerlord opened his jaws and screeched with horror. A great, black crack spread from his open mouth to slowly split his head apart and spread through the air. It widened and dark vapour poured out, and the night-black crack grew until it reached the height of the temple itself. Skaven scurried back with shrieks of dismay as the vapour spewed out and plumed up into the heavens, those caught in its embrace rotted and collapsed



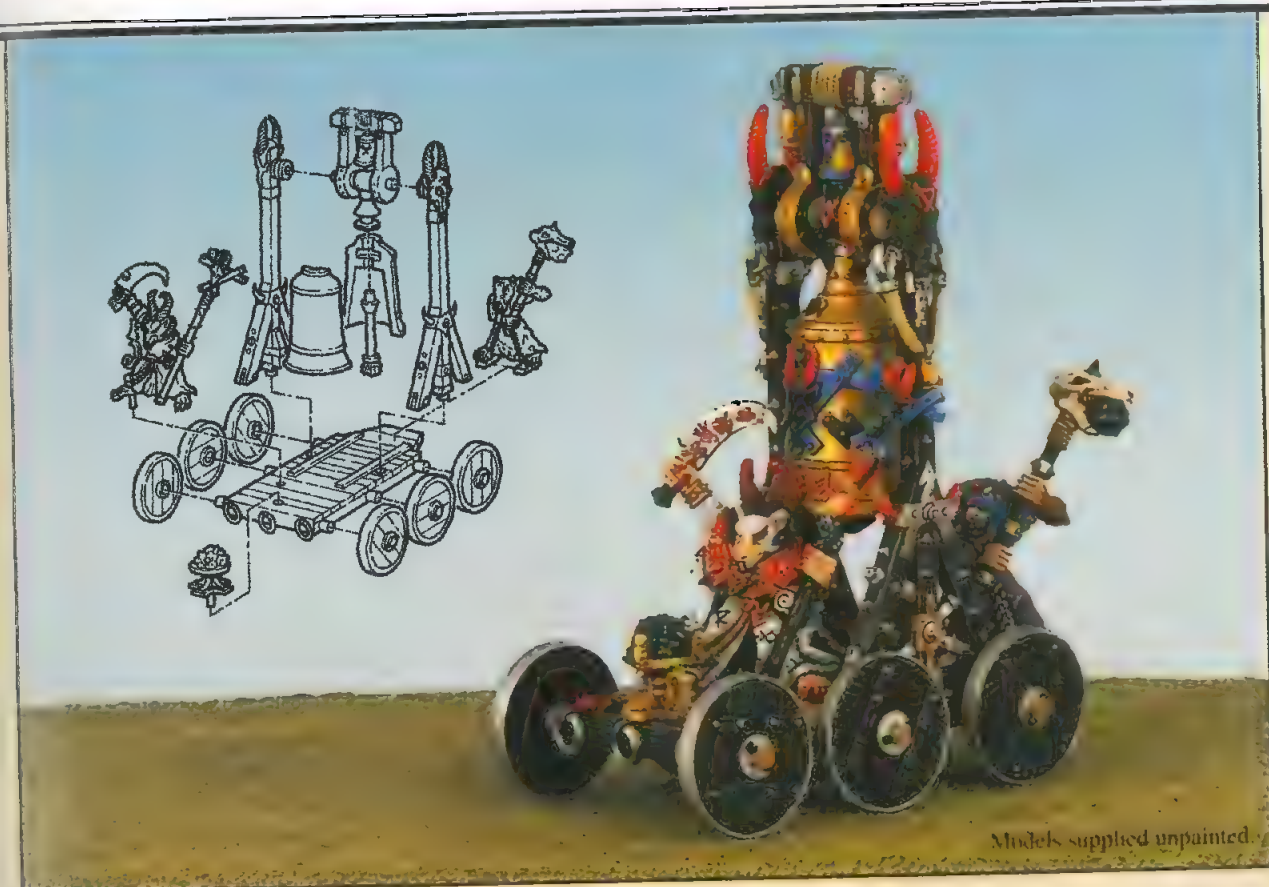
as they ran. Now a blacker shape could be seen amidst the vapour. Two blood-red eyes gazed out unblinkingly, wide as castle doors. The Skaven fell to their knees and pressed their muzzles in the dirt, some dropped stone dead as their hearts stopped in terror. The silhouette of curving horns could be seen as the glaring eyes moved closer. The shadows about it heaved and shifted like a wriggling mass of vermin. A great claw reached out and leisurely scooped up a handful of squealing Skaven. Yellow fanged jaws flashed as the Horned Rat consumed them with relish.

The Horned One swept his burning gaze over his quailing children and reached out again, clenching his mighty paw before them. When the paw withdrew a glowing black pillar of purest warpstone was revealed. It had thirteen sides, each marked by thirteen blocks of burning runic script. Then the Horned Rat whispered to the assembled horde with the voice of a million scratching and gnawing rats. He told them that though their wars amused him they must make peace and obey his commandments, they must spread corruption so that they could inherit the world and assure his return. Only his chosen ones could touch the pillar of his commandments and only his chosen ones might join the Council of Thirteen. All must obey the Council or feel his wrath. With that the awesome presence withdrew into the netherworld once more, the crack it had made narrowing and sealing behind it.

The musk of fear hung heavy over the survivors as they blinked up at the pillar and reassured themselves the Horned One had really gone. Lord Rakin was the first to touch the pillar. He burned with black fire until there was nothing but ashes. Over the long night that followed many relinquished their claims to the Council rather than face the test, but many more touched the pillar and of these twelve lived. Each of the new Lords of Decay was imbued with an aura of dark power and energy, a mark of the blessing of the Horned Rat. From that day unto this the Council of Thirteen has remained unchanged even though any Skaven can try to pass the test and then fight any of the Lords for their place. Many have tried, some have even passed the test, but none have managed to defeat the existing Lords of Decay.

WARHAMMER

THE SKAVEN SCREAMING BELL



Models supplied unpainted.

The Screaming Bell is one of the most fearsome creations of the Skaven Warlock Engineers. As the bell is struck, the enormous sound, caught and amplified by the evil magic, booms over the battlefield. The strident tolling of the bell sows fear and panic through the enemies ranks and the ground splits and cracks apart under the barrage of discordant sound.



This is a Citadel Miniatures expert kit that requires a degree of modelling skill. This model is not recommended for young or inexperienced modellers.

We recommend that parts are carefully cleaned and trimmed with a modelling knife before assembly, and that the models are undercoated before painting with Citadel paints.

WARNING! These miniatures contains lead and may be harmful if chewed or swallowed. Citadel Miniatures are not recommended for children under 14 years of age.

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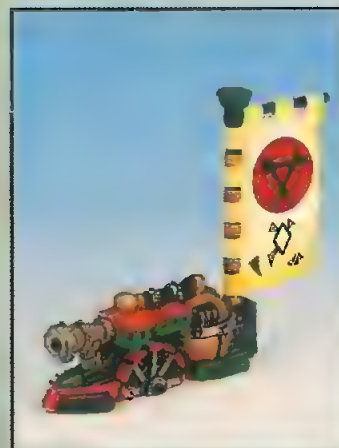
SKAVEN FLEET



SKAVEN DOOMBRINGER

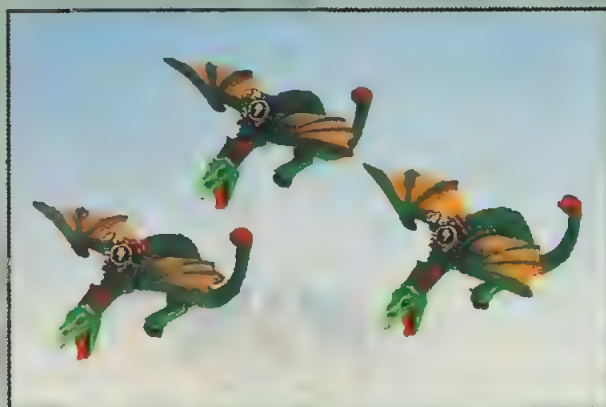


SKAVEN DEATHBURNER



SKAVEN WARP-RAIDER

FLYING CREATURES



ORC WYVERN RIDERS



IMPERIAL GRIFFON RIDERS



A COMBINED ORC AND SKAVEN ARMADA ATTACKS AN IMPERIAL FLEET.

DWARF SLAYERS

Dwarf Slayers seek a heroic demise by hunting out and fighting the largest monsters they can find. They never wear armour, spurning the very idea of self-preservation. They carry an axe. Often a very big axe.

Although driven to seek their death in battle Slayers are incapable of deliberately fighting to lose, and always enter the fray to win. The most skilled Slayers, the least successful ones in a sense, tend to survive either because they are the toughest, the fastest, or the most determined warriors in the Warhammer world.



A REGIMENT OF DWARF SLAYERS



DAEMON SLAYER



GIANT SLAYER



DRAGON SLAYER



TROLL SLAYERS



GAMES WORKSHOP®

WARHAMMER DAYS

Throughout the autumn, Games Workshop Stores will be running special Warhammer Days. There'll be competitions, prizes, painting and modelling demonstrations, and loads of games of Warhammer 40,000, Space Marine, Warhammer and Man O' War for you to join in. Games Workshop's expert gamers, painters and modellers will all be there, so come along and join the fun.



AUTUMN WARHAMMER DAYS

20th Nov
Nottingham
and
Bristol

27th Nov
Maidenhead
and
Shrewsbury

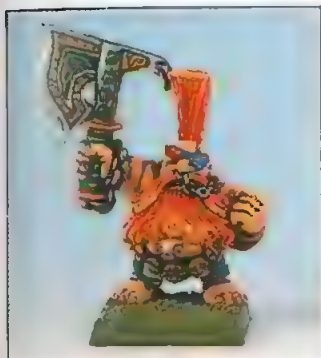
4th Dec
Metrocentre
and
Southampton

WARHAMMER DAY BATTLES

At every Warhammer Day there are special all-day gaming events, where everyone can take part in massive battles played over spectacular terrain with hundreds of painted miniatures. Everything is provided, all you have to do is just come along and join in the fun. At the end of each battle, prizes will be awarded to the most heroic players and for deeds of special valour.



SOUTHAMPTON **SATURDAY 4TH DECEMBER** **THE BATTLE FOR KARAK AZGAL**



In the midst of the World's Edge Mountains, a vast horde of Skaven have emerged from their fetid tunnels to assault the Dwarf outpost of Karak Azgul.

Realizing that they will all too soon be overwhelmed by the warped vermin, the Dwarfs have sent a messenger to the neighbouring stronghold of Karak Azul. As the Skaven advance, the doughty Dwarf defenders prepare to sell their lives in blood.

Can the Dwarfs hold out until help arrives? Come along and take charge of a unit of Dwarfs or Skaven in a bloody battle to the death.



NEWCASTLE METROCENTRE **SATURDAY 4th DECEMBER** **THE ASSAULT ON MAGMA RIVER**

mighty Dreadnought hold the final remaining bridge spanning a fiery river of magma.

As the Blood Angels recite their battle litanies, a vast Ork horde prepares to charge forward and crush the defenders or fling them to their doom into the hellish pits of fire.

Can the Space Marines hold the bridge or will the Orks sweep to victory?

Come along and try out the brand new Warhammer 40,000 in this bitter deathworld struggle.



WARHAMMER

40,000

ASSAULT SQUADS

By Andy Chambers

On the bloody battlefields of the 41st Millennium, specialised units surge forward ahead of the main armies to secure strongpoints and winkle out the enemy from prepared positions. These are the assault troops, dedicated warriors whose task is to close with the enemy and overcome them in hand-to-hand combat

A close assault can be one of the most spectacular and devastating attacks in Warhammer 40,000. Properly equipped assault troops quickly chop their way through hordes of ordinary warriors, and are particularly effective against those encumbered by heavy weapons. Even mighty battle tanks such as the Land Raider and Predator are vulnerable to close assault, and in many situations the best way to dig a determined and well equipped foe out of their positions is by close assault. This is particularly the case in missions such as Dawn Raid or Take and Hold where all the firepower in the world is not going to get you across the battlefield to where you need to be. Also, troops which suffer broken morale in Warhammer 40,000 have a nasty habit of ducking down behind cover until

they rally. Assault troops will quickly drive off or kill such skulkers before they get a chance to rally; earning more victory points for you and clearing they way to annihilate the rest of the enemy force.

Space Marine assault troops are among the toughest in any force because they have a unique combination of excellent characteristics; high weapon and ballistic skills, exceptional toughness, good initiative and excellent leadership make them more than a match for most opponents. Add to this the Space Marines' power armour and special skills and it soon becomes apparent that Space Marines make deadly opponents.

Of course this doesn't mean that other races don't have their own close assault specialists. The Eldar have Harlequins, Striking Scorpion aspect warriors and the much feared Howling Banshee aspect warriors. The Imperial Guard have Rough Riders and Ogryns. Chaos have their fearsome daemonic troops. All Squats are excellent hand to hand combat troops by nature. Tyranids and Genestealers are the very epitome of a close assault army and Orks can field hordes of Goff Boyz, Nobz and Boarboyz to sweep away the most dogged defence.



WHAT MAKES GOOD ASSAULT TROOPS?

The three things I always look for in assault troops are speed, hitting power and survivability. You need speed to get across the battlefield and into hand to hand combat at the first opportunity, this cuts down the amount of shots the enemy gets at you and increases the amount of use you get out of your troops. Remember that assault troops are wasted every moment that they are not in hand to hand combat. You need hitting power to quickly wipe out your target with minimal losses, ensuring that you can move on to attack someone else before the end of the game. Survivability is important because troops which aren't survivable can be "dealt with" by opposing weapons fire before they can even get into charge range. I consider Space Marines the best all round assault troops available because they satisfy all three of these criteria.

ULTRAMARINES SPACE MARINE ASSAULT SQUAD

Ultramarines assault troops are ever at the forefront of the most hard-fought battles in the galaxy. Equipped with powerful jump packs to quickly seize objectives, and armed with a chainswords, plasma pistols and other deadly hand-to-hand weapons, Space Marine assault troops are some of the toughest close combat warriors in the Imperium.

The Ultramarines are amongst the oldest and most renowned Space Marine Chapters. They are famous not only for their many victories in battle but also for their strict adherence to the Imperial orthodoxy laid out in the Codex Astartes. This great manual, set down by the Emperor himself, covers all aspects of the Chapter's life from details of uniform and markings to grand strategy.



ULTRAMARINES SPACE MARINES WITH JUMP PACKS

The Codex Astartes lays down a strict system of identification by giving each company a distinctive colour. The Company shown has yellow markings which appear most notably on the warrior's shoulder pad trim. The squad sergeant is distinguished by his red helmet and the red skull applied to his Chapter badge.



JUMP PACK MARKINGS



SQUAD
BADGE



ARMY
BADGE



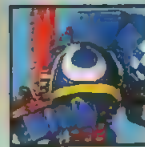
THE SQUAD SERGEANT



SERGEANT'S
CHAPTER
BADGE



SERGEANT'S
HONOUR
BADGE



CHAPTER
BADGE



HONOUR
BADGE

ASSAULT SQUADS

Most troops have speed and hitting power — Genestealers and Howling Banshees are the best examples of this. They are both extremely fast moving and almost impossible to defeat in hand to hand combat if they get to charge in first (which they usually will because they are ferociously quick). However, they are liable to get shot up if caught out in the open.

Tyranids and Ogryns are fast and survivable but can end up being outnumbered and overwhelmed by lesser troops in close combat. In addition, their survivability is compromised by the fact they are large models and tend to attract more fire and can make less use of cover.

Space Marine assault troops are very survivable and deadly enough to wipe out most opponents, but they are rather slow with a move of 4" per turn or 8" if they run. This is simply remedied by equipping them with jump packs which increase their movement to 18" and allow them to leap over intervening models and obstacles to get to grips with the foe all the faster.

The overall effectiveness of assault troops is also partly determined by their weaponry. A sword and pistol

combination is the best all round armament. The pistol is useful for blasting away when not in hand to hand combat and adds an extra attack dice to the model when it is in combat. A sword is useful because it allows the model to parry, a fact that can often mean the difference between success and failure in a close run fight.



You should think carefully about weapon combinations when you equip your troops because certain combinations such as two hand flamers or two power fists are expensive and provide little benefit. Better by far to have a model equipped with a chainsword and power fist so that he can parry with the sword and then smash his opponent with the power fist. As a good



MAP 1

ASSAULTING A POSITION

Map 1. A Space Marine assault squad equipped with jump packs is attacking an Eldar position held by a squad of Guardians and Dark Reaper aspect warriors. The Space Marines have been deployed sensibly out of sight at the start of the game



MAP 2

Map 2. The Space Marines first leap behind the hill on the flank. By doing this they avoid being cut to pieces in the open ground by the Eldar. Two Space Marines misjump into the rocks on top of the hill, but only one is killed by the Eldar's fire because the assault troops are in cover.



MAP 3

Map 3. The Space Marines leap in to attack the Guardians and make short work of them. This leaves the Space Marines well placed in cover and ready to attack the Dark Reapers next turn.

rule of thumb, if you're equipping a model with two expensive (eg. 5 points or over) hand to hand/pistol weapons the chances are he is over-equipped and one of his weapons will duplicate the effects of the other.



For example, a model equipped with a plasma pistol and power sword will have little use for the plasma pistol in hand to hand combat because the power sword is almost as potent, doesn't need time to recharge and has better armour save modifier. This isn't to say that plasma pistols aren't worth having — they are very effective against vehicles in close assault and can lay down a withering hail of fire. A better combination would be a model armed with a power sword and bolt pistol, or a model armed with a chainsword and plasma pistol, because they are cheaper in points and just as effective.

ASSAULT TROOPS' TACTICS

The problem for assault troops is that they are badly equipped for fighting at a distance, ordinarily carrying only pistols and grenades. The simple answer to this is **don't** fight at a distance — scamper across that battlefield and steam into the enemy as quickly as possible. It seems very daunting to send your troops out across no-mans land at first, but once you've seen the carnage they can commit on the other side it becomes clear it's worth the risk. Really there is no excuse for assault troops not being in combat by turn three of the game at the absolute latest, preferably they should be in by turn two. Naturally your opponent may have something to say about this if he's awake, but there are some methods of ensuring your troops get there.

The first technique is to pick a sensible route for your assault troops to follow. It's usually best to deploy them on one or both flanks. This allows them to move even further out onto the flanks on the first move before darting back in to attack on their second move. This avoids most of the hail of defensive crossfire an assault squad is liable to attract moving up through the centre of the battlefield. The squads on the flanks of the enemy line are weaker because they cannot be supported by their fellows as easily and once the first one is dealt with it's simple enough to start rolling up the whole enemy force.

An end-run around the flank is all the better if it leaves the assault squad in or behind cover at the end of their first

move. Obviously this helps to cut down on the lethality of any enemy fire they attract. If you are fortunate enough to have a wood, building or hill to lurk behind along your route you can hope to avoid any fire at all during this most vulnerable part of your approach. Of course it's possible to set up some terrain to make such a covered approach possible at the start of the battle, though this may give the game away and allow your foe to set up an unpleasant welcoming committee. One particularly nasty tactic is to supply your assault troops with blind grenades so that they can create their own cover as they go along!

Another way to cover your approach to the enemy line is to send a decoy group against the enemy to keep them tied up for a while. Cheap, expendable troops or vehicles are most appropriate for this, though very survivable troops such as Terminators can serve just as well. The decoy force makes a thrust towards the enemy close to where the assault troops are aiming to break through. Because the decoy force is closer the enemy will have to choose them as targets rather than the more distant assault troops. With luck, the decoys may even inflict some casualties on the foe before they are beaten off. When you are using a decoy force it is even more essential to push forward with the assault troops before the decoy is wiped out.

It is when commanding forces such as Orks, who rely on weight in numbers to overwhelm the foe, that a decoy force really becomes vital. As they are rather slower for the most part, these larger Ork assault groups have to go for a more direct approach. The fact that they often have to set up first also makes it important to deploy more in the centre to ensure that the enemy doesn't escape by deploying entirely on one flank. Using Gretchin skirmishers or Wildboyz to absorb casualties on the way through the centre can help this attempt to charge down the enemy's throat immensely.

The third method of speeding your assault troops to victory is to give them direct fire support with devastators, support weapons and the like. Shooting up the enemy near to the



assault troops will soften up or even break the enemy before the assault force reaches them. This cuts down on the amount of return fire they can muster and makes the assault troop's job more one of mopping up. Of course if you overdo it you may well find that there is little left for your blood crazed assault troops to fight when they arrive.

It is often useful to place some of the supporting squads or models in overwatch. Then they can try to suppress the enemy squads if they go into overwatch to try to and catch your assault troops as they scuttle from cover to cover. Overwatch also keeps your options open to shoot up enemy forces which move across to the threatened flank.

COUNTER MEASURES

Having waxed lyrical about the effectiveness of assault troops I should also mention the counter measures that can be used against them. The first and most obvious is to drill them so full of holes that they never reach you. This is satisfying when it works but frustrating when it doesn't.

As mentioned above there are several techniques for getting around defensive fire, so you need to be on the look out for avenues of attack developing during terrain set up. Block any potential routes with difficult or impassable terrain at the first opportunity, and if you can't, try to ensure that you deploy something cheap and shooty in a position to cover them. I've found that support weapons such as the Imperial Thudd gun and the Eldar Scatter laser are ideal for this. Failing that, sustained fire weapons like heavy bolters are guaranteed to make a mess of most assault forces. (see Map 4)



Map 4. Following on from the previous example; by positioning a Scatter laser to cover his flank, the Eldar player is able to catch the assault squad in a crossfire between this weapon and the Dark Reapers.

These weapons should be kept on overwatch until those nasty assault troops poke their noses out of cover — at which point you can shoot them off! Often you can pin down the assault troops quite easily, forcing them to stay in cover for fear of being shot up. This means you are probably tying up over a hundred points of assault troops with fifty or sixty points worth of support weapon.

However, as noted above there are plenty of counter-counter-measures for this counter-measure. Who gains the upper hand is entirely dependent on the terrain, the missions and the forces involved.

The second option is to use persistent blast markers such as plasma, vortex or gas to lay a physical barrier in the assault troop's path. This is expensive and a little unpredictable because the markers tend to drift or disappear after a while. In addition, some troops can circumvent it by leaping over the top with jump packs. On the other hand, I have seen a single character armed with plasma grenades shut down a flank attack before now so it can work, though it is more of a delaying tactic than anything else.

The third option is to fight fire with fire and have some assault troops of your own! These can then lurk about in the centre (preferably well out of sight) as a reserve. Your reserve can then move out to counter an assault when it arrives, the enemy will probably get to one of your squads first but then get wiped out by the arrival of your avenging assault troops. Alternatively you could push your own assault force onto the flank and meet the foe halfway, stalling his attack and hopefully inflicting enough casualties to stop it altogether.

ASSAULT SQUADS

Space Marine Assault Squad

320 pts

Squad consists of 1 Sergeant and 9 Space Marines armed with two bolt pistols or bolt pistol and chainsword, frag grenades, krak grenades, and power armour (3+ save). Any number of models may be equipped with additional assault weapons chosen from the Space Marine Wargear list, and up to two models may be equipped with a special weapon (see the Wargear list for points values). The entire squad may be equipped with blind grenades (+20 points), melta bombs (+50 points) and/or jump packs (+50 points).

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Space Marine	4	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	8

ASSAULT WEAPONS

(Any number per model)

Chainsword	2 pts
Power Axe	7 pts
Power Fist	10 pts
Power Maul	6 pts
Power Sword	6 pts
Bolt Pistol	2 pts
Hand Flamer	7 pts
Plasma Pistol	5 pts

SPECIAL WEAPONS

(One per model)

Boltgun	3 pts
Flamer	9 pts
Grenade Launcher with Frag and Krak grenades	18 pts
Meltagun	8 pts
Plasma Gun	8 pts

WARHAMMER



THE SKAVEN

The vile and malevolent Skaven gnaw through the roots of the Old World like a malignant cancer. From their sprawling capital of ancient evil, Skavenblight, their Under-Empire spreads ever outward as seething hordes of vicious rat-men lie waiting to bring the final apocalypse down upon the unsuspecting realms of men.

Hidden from the eyes of men black-clad assassins slink through the sewers, rabid Plague Monks brew magical pestilences, insane Warlock Engineers build their devastating weapons of mass destruction and foul Packmasters mutate warped and deadly war-beasts to unleash upon their foes.

Through the ancient and evil Lords of Decay the Horned Rat himself, dark god of the Skaven race, cynically guides his children to their ultimate destiny of complete mastery of the entire world!

This indispensable supplement for the Warhammer game of fantasy battles describes the Skaven race and their unspeakable horror in complete and exhaustive detail.

The Empire, Dwarfs, High Elves, and Orc & Goblin armies books are also available along with the Warhammer Battle Magic supplement.



WARHAMMER ARMIES SKAVEN IS NOT A COMPLETE GAME.
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CONTENTS OF THIS BOOK

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SPACE MARINE®

BLOODBATH ON CENTIUS PRIME

By Richard Helliwell and Grant Williams

This month we report on the titanic struggle between a mighty Chaos horde and the Ork Waaagh Squigbreff on the deserted Imperial colony of Centius Prime. Abandoned by the Imperium, this once peaceful mining colony was now the site for bitter and bloody battle.

Warboss Squigbreff gazed out over the valley at the purple glow pulsing across the horizon and scratched his head. On the face of it everything seemed normal. The Ork camp spread out below him was settling down for another night on the dull planet they had become marooned on. The unpleasant evening birdsong was being drowned out by the familiar sound of the Speed Freaks' straining engines and the comforting bellows of the Snakebites' Squiggoths.

Since he had landed at the head of the glorious Waaagh he had been bitterly disappointed. All the humies on Centius Prime had already fled, and though he expected his enemies to run before him it wasn't nearly as much fun without a nice big scrap first. "Zoggin' humies," he muttered, idly kicking a Gretchin who was standing a bit close.

The humans in question were the colonists and miners that had departed three months earlier. The Imperial Astropath assigned to the colony had detected a vast Space Hulk emerging from the warp in the vicinity of Centius Prime. The planet had been evacuated and the Inquisition had been informed. Meanwhile, on the nearby planet Skemdak I, an Ork Warboss had begun his Waaagh. With the Imperial forces busy with the evacuation, Waaagh Squigbreff had had little trouble overrunning the rest of the system. By the time the great Warboss landed on Centius Prime it was deserted. Not only that, but the force bubble projectors that had carried them there had broken down.

The Mekboyz weren't much better than the humies, thought Squigbreff. Barfgit, their Boss, had promised to fix the force bubble projectors weeks ago but they were still stuck on this miserable rock with no one to kill. Squigbreff's Waaagh was beginning to run out of steam and Barfgit had begun to avoid him. "More nails prob'ly," thought Squigbreff. "That'd fix the force bubbles. Them stupid zoggin' Meks never use enuf nails." He'd tell Barfgit when he found him, once he'd beaten a bit of respect into him.

The sound of fighting drifted up from the Ork camp below. The Boyz were restless and had started picking fights with

each other to relieve the boredom. The Goffs, Snakebites and Deathskulls were not happy without someone to fight and there was no one on the planet except the Orks. Unless he did something pretty soon Squigbreff wouldn't have a Waaagh left even if the humies did come back to be killed.

His Waaagh had easily stomped over two other humie planets in the system but Centius Prime had promised to hold the richest pickings. Instead of coffers full of loot he had found nothing but empty buildings and though they had provided some amusement as they collapsed under the Ork bombardment it was difficult to hide his disappointment. Mind you, he had the feeling something was going to happen soon. His patrols had started to disappear and it wasn't just that the Orks under him were treacherous gitz. There was something else too.

As the glow on the horizon spread, the Ork camp began to grow restless and even the fighters stopped to look. There was definitely something odd happening and Squigbreff wanted to know what. "Oi! Youz lot," he shouted to the Speed Freaks who were racing each other up and down the hill. "get out there an' see wot's goin' on."

The bright red Buggies and Speedstas shot off in a cloud of dust, cackling Mekboyz and Gretchin hanging on for dear life. Warboss Squigbreff watched the small group of vehicles speed through the Ork camp, knocking down those too slow or foolish to move out of their way. The speed-crazed maniacs had almost reached the crest of the hill on the far side of the valley when they were engulfed by an enormous ball of flame. As the fireball rose up, it briefly illuminated the hideous form of a Greater Daemon. Squigbreff almost smiled, "Deemunz," he grunted, "never killed Chaos scum before."

Mork and Gork had not deserted him. The boring humies had scarpered but he was being given a new enemy to pound into the dust. Warboss Borzag Squigbreff would get his Waaagh after all.



Led by Greater Daemons and a colossal Banelord Titan the Chaos horde was mighty indeed. It had travelled at the whim of the warp for many months and had now emerged to strike at the unsuspecting colony on the planet below. The planet was Imperial by the look of it but there was no Imperial fleet protecting it. Curious. Less curious though when the scanner reports began to speak of Orks: thousands of them.

Neither side had expected to fight the other. The Orks had come to Centius Prime in search of the rich pickings of the Imperial mining colony and had expected to have the Imperial Guard to deal with. The forces of Chaos came because Centius Prime was where the winds of the warp had taken them. They would fight whoever they could find but Orks were something of a surprise on an Imperial colony.

The Imperial colonists had been evacuated some weeks before when the Space Hulk had been detected by the Imperial Astropath based on Centius Prime. With the Inquisition on their way to cleanse the system of the taint and corruption of Chaos the Imperial Guard had withdrawn.

Under the misconception that the Imperial forces had fled from them the Orks were feeling unstoppable. If Chaos

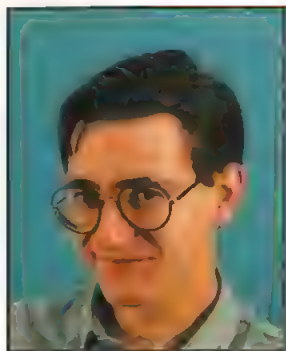
wished to stand in their way then that was their problem. Slaughtering Chaos would give the Boyz something to do.

We decided to fight a 5000 point battle representing this particular battle fought, almost by accident, between the Ork horde of Warboss Squigbreff and a Chaos horde driven on the winds of the warp from the Eye of Terror.

We set up the game on one of the 8' x 4' tables at the Studio. When placing the scenery we kept in mind the scenario that we had decided upon and placed the Imperial town of Canicula III and the Ork camp first. Having placed these we finished setting up the terrain according to the rules in the Space Marine rulebook. This is a good example of how you can bend the rules slightly by mutual agreement between the players to add colour to a battle. By placing an objective marker on the edge of Canicula III and another in the Ork camp we could bring the scenario into the game more. Lastly we rolled for choice of table edge.

During the game we took polaroids of each turn as it happened as we know from experience that it is very difficult to get good photos in the middle of a battle. After the game we used our notes and polaroids to accurately recreate the battle and take the photos you see here with proper lighting and cameras.

THE CHAOS RENEGADES (Richard Helliwell)



I like to choose an army by taking the most exciting death-dealing machines first and then filling in with other troops. When I first saw the Banelord, I knew it would be such a brilliant killing machine that I just had to use it in battle. When this game was suggested I immediately began to plan my army around this colossal engine of destruction.

The Banelord bristles with a multitude of devastating weapons. My favourite is the Havoc Missile Rack which could not be more perfect for bombarding close formations of troops such as Orks. On the Banelord's right arm is mounted a Hellstrike cannon, another excellent barrage weapon for wiping out troops cowering behind cover. This weapon fires a huge shell loaded with a highly corrosive and inflammable mixture known as *hellfire*. When the shell explodes in mid-air over a target, the hellfire saturates the area, ignoring any cover the enemy may be hiding in. The left arm houses the Doomfist, a deadly hand-to-hand weapon that combines the abilities of Chainfist and Powerfist with the awesome power of twin melta cannon. The mighty Titan's head has been twisted into the horrible visage of a Bloodletter, a daemon servant of Khorne.



Jutting from the mouth is a huge assault cannon capable of spewing out high explosive rounds at an enormous rate of fire. As an added bonus the Banelord Titan has a long, sinuous and deadly tail. Not only can this be used as a club in close combat but also at long range as a large battle cannon. I took this monstrous war machine as my first Minion card.

Epic Chaos armies don't have heavy tanks but do have the excellent and lethal Daemon Engines of Khorne. The Daemon Engines I wanted to use in my army were; the Blood Reaper, a mobile tower with a battery of deadly cannons; the Brass Scorpion with its gigantic gatling cannon tail and scything power saws that rip through flesh and armour; and the Doom Blaster, which packs a mighty punch with its quad mounted Doom Mortars. To these engines of death I added three Cannons of Khorne, weapons of mass destruction created for the Blood God Khorne by the Chaos Squats.

Note that in White Dwarf 164, the description and stat line for the Doom Blaster's Doom Mortars disagree. The main description is correct. The Doom Mortars actually fire two barrage templates which must be placed so that they are touching. Each has 4 barrage points and a -1 saving throw modifier.





































































Each Greater Daemon in your army must have at least three but no more than five Minion cards. By now I had three; the Banelord, the Daemon Engines and the Cannons of Khorne. To these added Flesh hounds and Bloodletters, both daemons of Khorne. All these Minions would be the followers of Angron, Daemon Primarch of the World Eaters. Angron was the first Primarch to join Horus in revolt against the Emperor. When the Heresy failed and Horus was slain, Angron and his World Eaters battled halfway across the galaxy to reach the Eye of Terror and the daemon world Khorne had prepared for them. These stalwart followers of Chaos certainly deserved a place in my force especially as the World Eaters have the Chaos Reward 'Blood Rage of Khorne'. When played, this card sends the World Eater Space Marines into a frenzy of death and destruction. Luckily Primarchs are an exception to the normal limit of five Minion cards as they may take troops from their own Space Marine Legion in addition to normal Minions. With their Primarch at their head I expected great deeds of the World Eaters.

To complete the Khorne contingent of my army, I took a Bloodthirster of Khorne. This, the most revered and exalted of Khorne's daemon warriors would lead a unit of Khorne Juggernauts and a Beastmen warband.

The bulk of the Chaos army is a slow but deadly mass of troops and Daemons, with few tanks or troop transporters. Adding some of the Tzeentch flying machines should give me some much needed speed to attack deep behind the enemy lines and provide me with a presence in the air unchallenged by the Orks. The first Tzeentch flying war machine in my army was the Tzeentch Firelord, the heavy bomber of the Tzeentch airforce. Next I added the Silver Towers of Tzeentch, a pair of sorcerous, floating towers with multiple guns and the ability to obscure friendly units behind a barrier of magical energy. The last of my flyers was a squadron of Doom Wings, these long range fighters can nip around the table burning through troops with deadly flame cannons. In command of the Tzeentch contingent was Magnus the Red with his Space Marine Legion the Thousand Sons. The last card I took, to make up the 5000 points, was a unit of Tzeentch Disc Riders to snatch objectives early on in the game.

CHAOS RENEGADES



<div>GREATER DAEMON</div> <div>Angron - Primarch of the World Eaters</div> <div>As a Champion of Khorne Angron led the World Eaters through some of the greatest and bloodiest battles of the Horus Heresy, including an assault on the Imperial Palace. When the Throne World fell and Khorne was slain, Angron and his World Eaters waited halfway across the galaxy to reach the eyes of Tzeentch and the daemon world Khorne had promised him.</div> <div></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 300</div>	<div>SPACE MARINE DETACHMENT</div> <div>World Eaters</div> <div>The World Eaters consist of three detachments of Chaos Space Marines and a Champion of Chaos. Each detachment consists of five Chaos Space Marine troops stand.</div> <div><table><tr><th>Chaos Champion</th><th>Detachment 1</th><th>Detachment 2</th><th>Detachment 3</th></tr><tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr></table></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 500</div>	Chaos Champion	Detachment 1	Detachment 2	Detachment 3		  	  	  	<div>GREATER DAEMON</div> <div>Bloodthirster of Khorne</div> <div></div> <div><table><tr><th>W</th><th>Arm</th><th>CM</th><th>Weapon</th><th>Range</th><th>Attack</th><th>Def</th><th>Target</th></tr><tr><td>100</td><td>2</td><td>12</td><td>Assault Whip</td><td>-</td><td>-</td><td>-</td><td>See Mod.</td></tr></table></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 300</div>	W	Arm	CM	Weapon	Range	Attack	Def	Target	100	2	12	Assault Whip	-	-	-	See Mod.	<div>GREATER DAEMON</div> <div>Magnus the Red - Primarch of the Thousand Sons</div> <div>Magnus escaped the aftermath of the Horus Heresy by using his daemonic powers to open a warp interface through which the ships of the Thousand Sons could flee in the face of Tzeentch. There Tzeentch granted Magnus the Planet of Sorcery to rule.</div> <div></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 300</div>	<div>SPACE MARINE DETACHMENT</div> <div>Thousand Sons</div> <div>The Thousand Sons consist of three detachments of Chaos Space Marines and a Champion of Chaos. Each detachment consists of five Chaos Space Marine troops stand.</div> <div><table><tr><th>Chaos Champion</th><th>Detachment 1</th><th>Detachment 2</th><th>Detachment 3</th></tr><tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr></table></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 500</div>	Chaos Champion	Detachment 1	Detachment 2	Detachment 3		  	  	  
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<div>ARMORED KHEMIST</div> <div>A pack of Khorne Bloodthirsters consists of five Bloodthirsters.</div> <div></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 150</div>	<div>ARMORED KHEMIST</div> <div>A pack of Khorne Jaggers consists of five Jaggers.</div> <div></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 150</div>	<div>ARMORED KHEMIST</div> <div>A pack of Khorne Flamboucons consists of five Flamboucons.</div> <div></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 100</div>	<div>THE KHEMIST ENGINE</div> <div>A pack of Khorne KheMists consists of five KheMists.</div> <div></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 200</div>	<div>DAEMON ENGINES OF KHORNE</div> <div>A pack of Khorne Daemon Engines consists of five Daemon Engines.</div> <div></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 300</div>																																
<div>THE TZEENTCH FLEET</div> <div>The Tzeentch Fleet consists of one Fleet model.</div> <div></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 300</div>	<div>THE SILVER TOWER</div> <div>The Silver Tower of Tzeentch consists of one tower.</div> <div></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 350</div>	<div>DOOM WING SQUADRON</div> <div>A Doom Wing squadron consists of three Doom Wings.</div> <div></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 250</div>	<div>TZEENTCH DIE RIDERS</div> <div>A unit of Tzeentch Die Riders consists of five individual flying dice.</div> <div></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 200</div>	<div>BEASTMAN WARPS</div> <div>A Beastman Warps consists of 10 Chaos Beastman units plus a Chaos Champion.</div> <div></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 200</div>																																
<div>DAEMON ENGINE OF KHORNE</div> <div></div> <div>POINTS VALUE 900</div>																																				

THE PLAN

After setting up the terrain, I won the choice of table edge, and chose to deploy along the edge of the battlefield containing the ruins of Canicula III. This position provided useful areas of cover that would allow my forces to advance across the battlefield unmolested by the Orks.

When we set up battles at the Studio we place a large cardboard screen down the middle of the table. This hides each player's army until both are in position. The screen is then removed and both armies are revealed. This hidden set-up means that you have to anticipate your opponent's deployment and can result in quite a few nasty surprises. When you use a screen like this, it's a good idea to draw a quick sketch map of the whole battlefield so you don't forget what the terrain is like on the other side. I also include the location of each objective as it's vital that you take them into account when making your battle plan.

After I had studied my sketch of the battlefield, a plan of action became clear. The right half of the table had five of the eight objectives in it so I concentrated my forces on my right flank. On the top of the hill on my far right I placed the Cannons of Khorne. These formidable weapons can hit anything they can see regardless of the range and so need to be sited somewhere prominent. Placed in this corner the Cannons should be out of range of most enemy fire but still able to shoot at the Orks.

With Angron leading the assault, I placed the World Eaters and the Daemon Engines as near as possible to objective eight. From this position they could capture this objective and then head towards objective seven under the cover of the woods. The Daemon Engines of Khorne would follow



the World Eaters, providing supporting fire. From his position at the head of the World Eaters' advance Angron should be able to destroy anyone foolish enough to stand in his way.

In the midst of the ruins of Canicula III I placed the Flesh hounds, Disc Riders and Bloodletters. These Daemons need cover to help them close with the enemy, but once there they need no help at all in overwhelming them in close combat. I planned for the Daemons to charge between the



ruined buildings, past objective six and on to objective five. Once there, they should be powerful enough to fend off the Orks until I could bring up my bigger units.

In the middle of my battleline I placed the Thousand Sons Space Marines with Magnus the Red leading them. With these troops I planned to advance toward objectives four, five and six, making as much use of the surrounding craters and ruined buildings as possible. I decided not to put troops into the buildings as I have found to my cost how frail they can be and now avoid them at all costs. If I'm going to put any troops into buildings I only put one stand in each. This way you gain the advantage of the save modifier from the building without the heartbreak of seeing the building collapse full of troops on the first strike of a barrage weapon.

I placed the Banelord Titan in support of my troop stands on this half of the board. From this central position its longer ranged weapons should be able to find plenty of targets. The Banelord has little need for cover and I was quite happy to have it striding down the middle of the battlefield toward objective four, obliterating all in its path.

With most of my army positioned in the right half of the board, the remaining troops were very much a token force. These I placed between the two hills on the left hand side. This largest unit consisted of the Beastmen, who were quite expendable, and I hoped would occupy the Orks while I brought up the rest of my force. To give the Beastmen a better chance of advancing into close combat unscathed I screened part of the unit with the Silver Towers of Tzeentch. Because of their magical barrier anyone firing between the towers would be at -1 to hit. Also placed behind the barrier were the Juggernauts of Khorne and the Bloodthirster, Greater Daemon of Khorne. Clustered around the hill on the far left of the board, ready to swoop into action, I placed both the Doom Wing squadron and the Firelord. These were placed to take maximum advantage of the mountainous outcrops on this side of the board, which would enable me to fly deep into Ork territory under cover and then make a bombing run right across the Orks' front line.

With my army set up, and a firm battle plan in mind, I studied the terrain and waited for Grant to finish placing his troops.



JOHN BLANCHE

WAAAGH SQUIGBREFF (Grant Williams)



When you choose an Ork horde its pretty obvious from the clan cards that you are going to end up with lots of infantry. This would be a major advantage over the expensive Chaos troops which I expected to massively outnumber.

The three clans I chose for my horde were the Goffs, the Snakebites and the Deathskulls. The Goffs are

a must for fighting Chaos as their high Close Assault Factor (CAF) should give even the daemons a tough fight.

I chose the Snakebites purely because I like the idea of them so much! To my mind they are typical Orks — brutal warriors who don't care who they're fighting as long as they get a chance to beat them up. Might is right and they don't care who they have to kill to prove it.

My final Ork clan, the Deathskulls, was a more difficult choice — I needed several of the Deathskulls' vehicles but also wanted some of the Bad Moons'. Unfortunately I was begining to run out of points and couldn't afford both clans. This problem was solved when I remembered that the Deathskulls' great scavenging ability allows them to take any equipment they like, even if it is normally exclusive to another clan.



With the main bulk of my force picked, I now needed some support weapons. I intended the Goff clan to be the main close assault force so I wanted to give them a well 'ard unit to lead the Boyz into battle, and a fast attack unit to guard their flanks. The Stompas were ideal to lead the Goffs as they were suitably large and imposing models with lots of big banners for the Boyz to follow, and the Gutrippas nicely filled the fast attack role. In order for the Boyz to get safely into combat, I would need to give them some mobile support. Braincrushas would be able to destroy any armoured targets that might give the Boyz problems so I took a unit of them. Even with all these I still felt a little short of artillery so I added some Shokk Attack Guns. Although inaccurate, they bypass any shields and would prove interesting against any enemy Titans.

My final support card for the Goffs were the Traktor Kannons. They also had the ability to bypass shields and, as I had never used them before, I thought that I would give them a try.

For the Snakebites I mainly wanted some heavy firepower to support their assault. The Bonebreakas were the armour-busting support of the clan and with their deathrollers they can also crush enemy infantry who stray too close. The Squig Katapults, like a lot of Ork artillery, are rather inaccurate, but this didn't really matter as I could happily fire them into the middle of combats and know that my Boyz wouldn't be hurt (buzzer squigs hate the taste of Orks). The next unit had to be a unit of Squiggoths, as the models are great and their weapons and armoured hides make them good all-round units. The final Snakebites card was a unit of Madboyz. These don't cost any points and well worth having as their mood can change unpredictably whenever they take a casualty and this can make them really dangerous.

Last, but by no means least, I looked for some support for the Deathskulls. This clan would lend support to the other two so it needed lots of heavy firepower. With this purpose in mind I began by choosing the Pulsa Rokkits. These are immensely powerful weapons that can destroy Titans with a single hit and also have the ability to block line of sight which could prove useful. The Gibletgrinda and Bonecrunchas are both heavily armoured vehicles that would form a shield in front of my other troops. Their armour would soak up a lot of firepower whilst their multiple shot weapons wreaked havoc amongst the enemy ranks. The Gibletgrinda also provided an impressive war machine to lead the Boyz. Now came my small Bad Moon contingent lead by the Weirdboy Battletower. Psykers are a must when fighting Chaos and the Weirdboy is the only psyker the Orks can have. While picking it out of the cabinet I noticed a Bad Moon Skullhamma. It is as large as the Gibletgrinda but charges at triple speed due to its supercharged, triple-overpressure, turbo engine. I now had a large, imposing model to lead each of my clans.

Still with 1400 points to spare, I looked for some super-heavy firepower in the way of support cards. I hadn't used the new Great Gargant yet and I couldn't wait to try it out in battle. The new weapons looked great and it would easily be the biggest model on the battlefield. This would definitely have to be the personal transport of my Warboss, Borzag Squigbreff.

With 450 points remaining I still had a lot of choices but eventually settled on a Mekboy Gargant with a Lifta Droppa arm. Its kustom force field makes it nearly immune to all shots for the first few turns and its weapons are geared for killing multiple targets; ideal against a Chaos horde.

WAAAGH SQUIGBREFF



SPECIAL CARD GREAT GARGANT

POINTS VALUE 250

SNAKEBITE CLAN

The Snakebite Clan consists of 1 command unit of 4 Noble squids, 1 Boarboyz Mob of 3 Boarboyz squids, plus 1 Boyz Mob of 15 Boyz squids.

COMMAND UNIT	BOARBOYZ MOB	BOYZ MOB
■ ■	■ ■ ■	■ ■ ■
■ ■	■ ■ ■	■ ■ ■
■ ■	■ ■ ■	■ ■ ■
■ ■	■ ■ ■	■ ■ ■

POINTS VALUE 600

GOFF CLAN

The Goff Clan consists of 1 command unit of 8 Noble squids, plus 1 Boyz Mob of 15 Boyz squids.

COMMAND UNIT	BOYZ MOB
■ ■ ■	■ ■ ■
■ ■ ■	■ ■ ■
■ ■ ■	■ ■ ■
■ ■ ■	■ ■ ■
■ ■ ■	■ ■ ■

POINTS VALUE 650

DEATHSKULL CLAN

The Deathskull Clan consists of 1 command unit of 4 Noble squids, plus 1 Boyz Mob of 15 Boyz squids.

COMMAND UNIT	BOYZ MOB
■ ■	■ ■ ■
■ ■	■ ■ ■
■ ■	■ ■ ■
■ ■	■ ■ ■
■ ■	■ ■ ■

POINTS VALUE 500

SPECIAL CARD MEKBOY GARGANT

POINTS VALUE 450

GIBLETGRINDA BATTLE FORTRESS

One Gibletgrinda Battle Fortress.

POINTS VALUE 100

BRAINCRUSHA SQUADRON

A Braincrusha Squadron consists of three Braincrushas.

POINTS VALUE 200

STOMPERS MOB

A Stompers Mob consists of three Stompers.

POINTS VALUE 250

BONECRUNCHA SQUADRON

A Bonecruncha Squadron consists of three Bonecrunchas.

POINTS VALUE 150

SKULLHAMMA BATTLE FORTRESS

One Skullhamma Battle Fortress.

POINTS VALUE 100

GOFF GUTSIPPA SQUADRON

A Goff Gutsippa Squadron consists of three Gutsippas.

POINTS VALUE 300

SQUIG KATAJUIT BATTERY

A battery of Squig Katajuits consists of three Squig Katajuits.

POINTS VALUE 200

MEKBOY SHOKK ATTACK GUN TEAM

A Mekboy Shokk Attack Gun Team consists of five Shokk Attack Guns.

POINTS VALUE 100

MEKBOY PULSA KOKKIT BATTERY

A battery of Mekboy Pulsa Kokkits consists of three Pulsa Kokkits.

POINTS VALUE 250

TRAKTOR KANNON BATTERY

An Oik Traktor Kannon Battery consists of five Traktor Kannon.

POINTS VALUE 100

MADBOYZ MOB

A Madboyz Mob consists of four Madboyz squids.

FREE

SNAKEBITE SQUIGGOth MOB

A mob of Snakebite Squiggoths consists of three Squiggoths.

POINTS VALUE 150

BAD MOON WEIRDOY BATTLE TOWER

One Weirday Battle Tower.

POINTS VALUE 100

BONEBREAKA SQUADRON

A Bonebreaka Squadron consists of three Bonebreakas.

POINTS VALUE 150

DA PLAN

The Chaos army is full of things that are very tough in close combat. The Ork army is also full of dangerous close assault troops so it looked like being a very bloody fight indeed. In Space Marine it's very difficult to redeploy your army once the game has started, and so the outcome of a whole battle can often hinge on the initial deployment of units. There were two major strategic areas on the table: the abandoned Imperial town of Canicula III and the new Ork camp. These would both provide lots of cover for the first troops to get to them, but were both on the Chaos side of the table, so I would have to be quick to get to them first.

I chose the Goff clan to assault the Ork camp as the woods in front of it would provide some cover for them as they moved forward. The Boyz Mob, led by the Stompas, would head directly for the camp whilst the Traktor Kannons and Guttrippas led by the Gargant advanced around to the flank. I left the Braincrushas and Shokk Attack Guns on the hill where they would have a good view of the battlefield but would also be out of range of most of the enemy fire.

The Snakebites had the unenviable task of taking Canicula III. This was doubtless heavily guarded by the Chaos forces and I expected the Snakebites to take heavy losses on the way in even though they would be able to advance through the cover of the woods and craters. With this in mind, I placed the Madboyz at the front of the Mob as a vanguard. I actually wanted them to be shot at so that they would have one of their mood changes! The Bonebreakas followed the Madboyz to pound any artillery that was supporting the town and also to deter enemy infantry from advancing too close to the threat of their Deathrollers. I left the Squig Katapults on the hill on my far left to cover objective seven

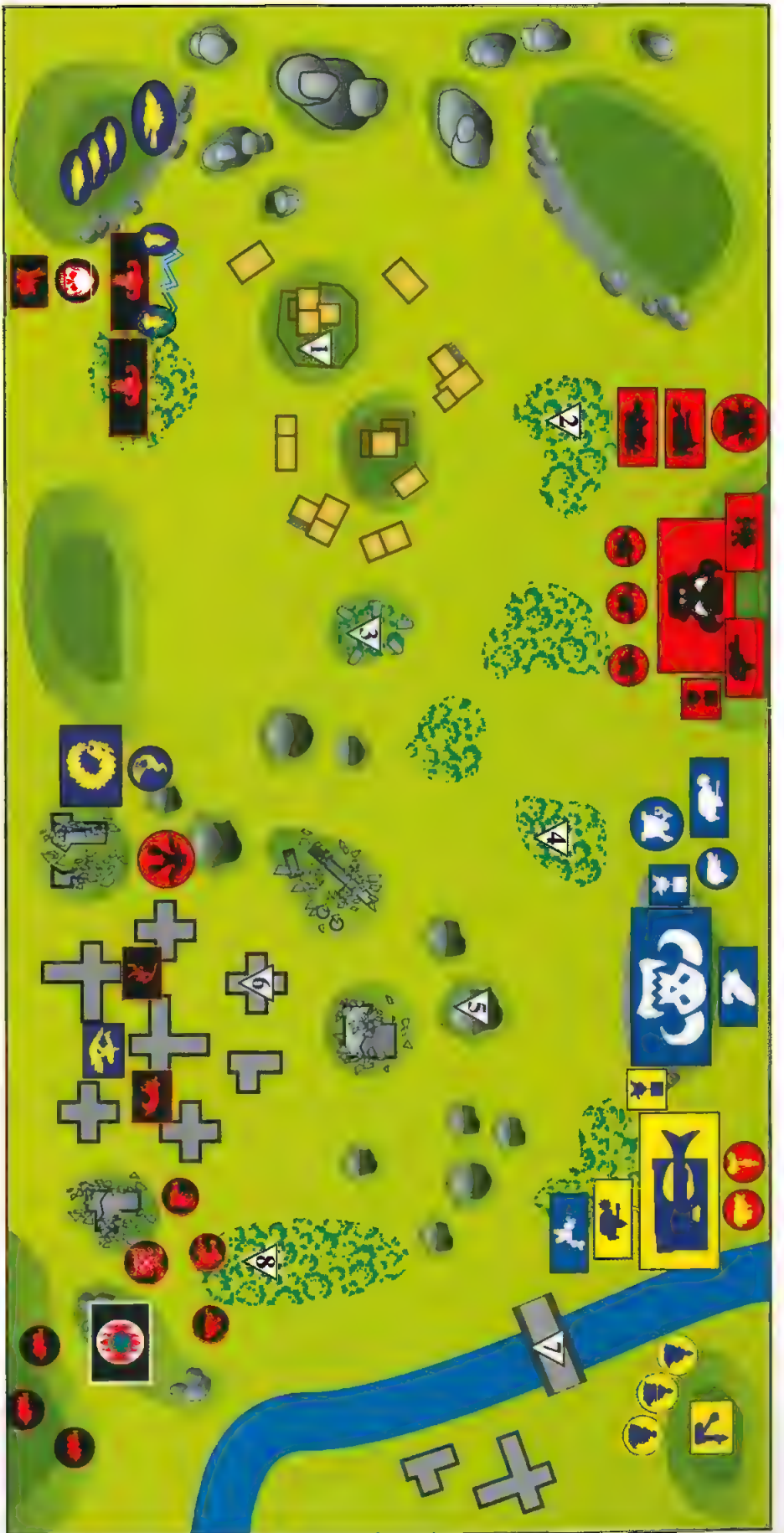
on the bridge, with the Squiggoths in front of them to actually take it. Finally, I placed the Weirdboy Battletower and the Skullhamma at the rear of my lines where they would be protected from fire and my Skullhamma could act as a mobile reserve.

As the Deathskulls were to provide support I placed them on the hill with a commanding field of fire. The rubble at the base of the hill would also give half of them cover. From behind the hill, the Pulsa Rokkits could hit the whole battlefield and still be protected from all but skimmer fire. I wanted them to start pounding Canicula III early on to slow up Richard's movement of troops through it. Leading the Deathskulls Mob was the Mekboy Gargant which was impressive enough to slow down any Greater Daemons or Primarchs who might threaten the clan. The Gibletrinda and the Bonecrunchas were to lurk behind the Mekboy Gargant where its force field would protect them whilst they waited to pounce on some poor unsuspecting enemy.

As far as objectives were concerned, if my plan all fell into place the Goffs would take objective two in the first turn, then advance to take objectives one and three in the second and third turns respectively. The Deathskulls would mostly stay where they were on first fire orders, but some of their supporting units would advance to take objective four. The Snakebites, meanwhile, had the hardest task of all. As well as probably facing the greatest concentration of fire, they had to take four objectives as well! Their Squiggoths would take objective seven on the first turn then stay there and hold it. The rest of the Snakebites would take objective five in the first turn but then had to battle their way through to take objectives six and eight in subsequent turns. These last two objectives were something of a challenge but I'd certainly give the Chaos filth a good fight for them.

With this plan in mind, the Boyz went to war!





WAAAGH! SQUIGBREFF

CHAOS RENEGADES

Goff Clan	Snakebite Clan	Deathskull Clan	Greater Daemon	Greater Daemon	Greater Daemon
Goff Nobz	Snakebite Nobz	Deathskull Nobz	Angon	Bloodthirster	Magnus the Red
Meiboy Shokk	Bonecruncha	Madboyz Mob	Space Marine Legion	Khorne Bloodletters	Space Marine Legion
Attack Gun Team	Squig Catapult	Bonecruncha	Daemon Engines	Khorne Warband	Space Marine Legion
Braincrusha	Squig Catapult	Meiboy Pula	Cannon of Khorne	Khorne Juggers	Silver Towers of Tzeentch
Squadron	Squig Catapult	Rokkitt Battery	Flesh Hounds	Banelord Chaos Titan of Khorne	Doon Wing Squadron
Traktor Kannon Battery	Squig Catapult				Tzeentch Firelord

SPACE MARINE PLAY SHEET

SPACE MARINE

SPACE



MINIATURES SUPPLIED UNPAINTED BANNERS NOT INCLUDED. CONTENTS AND COLOURS MAY VARY FROM THOSE SHOWN



SPACE MARINE

WARLORD TITAN



SPACE MARINE SUMMARY SHEET

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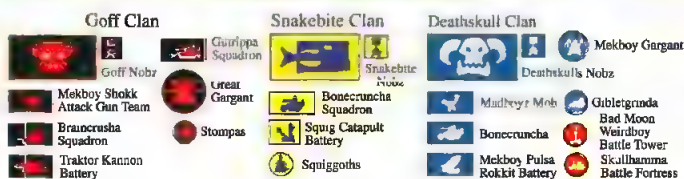
SPACE MARINE SUMMARY SHEET

UNIVERSE OF THE 41ST MILLENNIUM

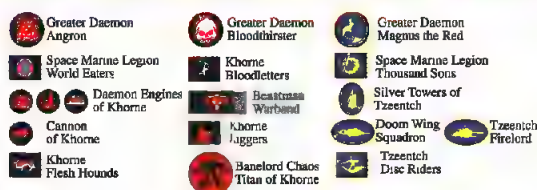
TURN 1



WAAAGH! SQUIGBREFF



CHAOS RENEGADES

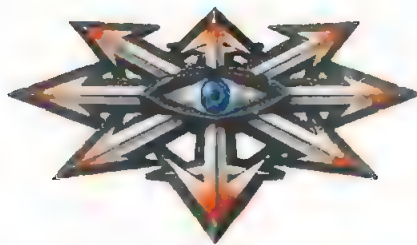


Frenzied battlecries echoed across the battlefield as the Madboyz began the Ork advance by charging towards the distant city of Canicula III. The rest of the Snakebites hurriedly followed with the Boyz advancing into the woods and the Boarboyz moving forwards into the cover of the crater containing objective five. Meanwhile, the Bonebreakas, Weirdboy Battletower and Skullhamma advanced in a convoy covering the clan's flank. Over the river, the lumbering Squiggoths lurched across the bridge to capture objective seven.

Across the battlefield Warlord Borzag watched the impetuous Snakebite advance and bellowed at his Gretchin crew, who frantically began shovelling coal into the Gargant's boiler. Spewing out huge clouds of oily smoke, the mighty metal hulk lumbered forward on its relentless advance towards the Chaos horde, the Guttrippas and Traktor Kannon's bustling around its feet. Seeing the visage of their god Gork going off to war, the Goff Boyz charged towards the camp, spraying the air wildly with bolter fire in their eagerness to fight. Meanwhile, in the centre, the Deathskulls stayed calm under the watchful eyes of their Nobz whilst the Mekboy Gargant, Bonecrunchas and Gibletgrinda surged forward, skirting around objective four.

Streaking across red-tinged skyline, the Tzeentch flyers, led by the Firelord, swept behind the mountain, closing in on the Goff Gargant. On the left the Chaos forces, with the Bloodthirster at their head, charged towards the Ork camp and objective one. In the centre of the battlefield the Banelord stalked towards the Mekboy Gargant, as the Thousand Sons, led by their Primarch Magnus the Red,

advanced to take up positions in the ruins of an Imperial temple and two stands of Chaos Space Marines took cover in the building at objective six. At the same time both the Bloodletters and Flesh Hounds charged forward, the Flesh Hounds taking cover where they could near the crater at objective five while one beast grappled with a Boarboy. High above the battlefield the Tzeentch Disc Riders swept over their comrades dropping down to land directly on objective five. On the right, the Daemon Engines and World Eater Chaos Space Marines advanced towards the distant objective seven while taking cover in the woods.



With a terrifying roar the Cannons of Khorne opened the firing. The warp flame shot from the mouths of the cannons and arced across the battlefield narrowly missing the Snakebites. At the same time, Magnus the Red also singled out the Snakebites with the magical beam from his single eye. Crackling magical energies danced around them but once again they emerged unscathed. In reply the Orks' Shokk Attack Guns fired at the Banelord Titan but the crazed Snotlings emerged from their warp tunnels amongst the Thousand Sons,



TURN 1: Both armies advance towards the Ork camp.

who made short work of them. The Braincrushas' Boss could hold his crew back no longer and, picking their own targets, they fired. Their aim was perfect and one of the mighty shells sent a Silver Tower crashing to the ground. Its magical warding broken, the solitary remaining Silver Tower shot glowing energy bolts into the packed Goff Boyz, blasting a couple of stands into oblivion. The Goff Nobz returned fire with their kustomized weapons, riddling the ornate sides of the remaining Silver Tower with holes and leaving it a broken and smouldering wreck. Seeing the success of the Goffs, the Deathskulls opened fire on the Disc Riders and wiped them out in a savage hail of bolter shells.

The Chaos horde could stand this humiliation no more and Angron motioned his mighty Daemon Engines into action. The Doomblaster shells arced high into the air, and dropped squarely on top of the Weirdboy Battletower and three Boarboyz killing all but one. The Blood Reaper fired at the Madboyz capering about in front of it, but their erratic movement made them too difficult a target and all of the shots went wide.

Meanwhile, the Squiggoths at objective seven on the bridge opened fire with their ancient and trusted bombardrs at the awesome mass of the approaching Daemon Engines. One of the massive shells caught the Blood Reaper high on its tower, toppling the mighty war machine. Explosions shook the Daemon Engine as it collapsed leaving it in a smoking ruin on the ground. From behind the cheering crews of the Squiggoths the Squig Katapults launched their cargos of Buzzer Squigs at the Flesh Hounds but without failed to damage the beasts. The Pulsa Rokkits too landed just short of the Daemon Engines.

Now was the time for the Banelord to show its might and seeing the Snakebites advancing towards the ruins of Canicula

III, it unleashed its fury against them. First the Battlehead turned to face the luckless Orks and unleashed a storm of explosive shells at them with its assault cannon. From its carapace flew a hail of Havoc missiles three of which also hit their mark killing six Boyz stands and leaving the rest badly mauled but unbroken.

The awesome and terrifying appearance of the Daemon masters of the Chaos horde were beginning to unnerve Borzag, but he had a plan. He realised that the strength of the enemy was its fearsome leaders and that without these the horde would quickly fall apart. The Bloodthirster was too tempting a target to resist and Squigbreff's Gargant unleashed its full firepower against it. The Mega-Cannon and the Belly Gun both hit home tearing great chunks of flesh from the Bloodthirster's torso, but before the Orks could celebrate the death of their foe he had called on the power of his Chaos master Khorne and his wounds had miraculously healed.

At the end of the turn, the Mekboy's Lifta Droppa picked up two Flesh Hounds and dropped them onto a third killing all three of them. The fourth Flesh Hound not only killed a stand of Boarboyz but unworried by its comrades' fate it remained within reach of objective five.

TURN 1 VICTORY POINTS TOTAL

CHAOS RENEGADES: 20

WAAAGH SQUIGBREFF: 27

TURN 2



WAAAGH! SQUIGBREFF

Goff Clan	Snakebite Clan	Deathskull Clan
Goff Nobz	Snakebite Nobz	Deathskull Nobz
Mekboy Shokk Attack Gun Team	Bonecruncha Squadron	Madboyz Mob
Braincrusha Squadron	Squig Catapult Battery	Bonecruncha
Traktor Kannon Battery	Squiggoats	Mekboy Pula Rokkit Battery
Gutrippa Squadron	Great Gargant	Gibletgrinda Bad Moon Weirdboy Battle Tower
Stompas		Skullhamma Battle Fortress

CHAOS RENEGADES

Greater Daemon Angron	Greater Daemon Bloodletter	Greater Daemon Magnus the Red
Space Marine Legion World Eaters	Khorne Bloodletters	Space Marine Legion Thousand Sons
Daemon Engines of Khorne	Beastman Warband	Silver Towers of Tzeentch
Cannon of Khorne	Khorne Joggers	Doom Wing Squadron
Khorne Flesh Hounds	Baneclaw Chaos Titan of Khorne	Tzeentch D-se Riders
		Tzeentch Firelord

The Gutrippas advanced through the Ork camp followed by the Goffs. Finding the camp still unoccupied the Gutrippas emerged from the far side into the midst of the Chaos host. Several Juggernauts died in the fight but there was never any real doubt about the outcome. The Gutrippas were destroyed completely by the massed hordes. Still unengaged, the Ork Stompas and Chaos Beastmen charged towards each other and objective three.

On the other flank, the Madboyz continued their frenzied charge towards the town, the Bonebreakas and Skullhamma speeding past them towards objective six and into the heart of the battle. The Bonebreakas and Boarboyz crashed into the Chaos line, the Bonebreakas rumbling over a unit of Bloodletters, crushing two of them into the ground with the deadly spiked rollers before coming to a halt in front of the imposing form of Magnus the Red. The Skullhamma also entered the battle, disgorging its cargo of Nobz and Boyz and charged the sole remaining Flesh Hound. The Flesh Hound fell under the sheer weight of numbers, but not before it killed two of the Boyz stands.

Both Magnus the Red and Angron rushed to the aid of the Bloodletters who who had been sent reeling by the charge of the Bonebreakas and the Boarboyz. During the combat that followed Magnus destroyed one Bonecruncha, and the Bloodletter beside him wrecked the other Ork machine. Rearing up to his full monstrous height the Daemon Primarch of Khorne's World Eaters bellowed his mighty challenge. The Orks cowered at the the sound of the deafening words which raged like a storm about them but still did not waver in their advance.

Having captured objective four, the Mekboy Gargant directed its fire at Magnus the Red. The Kustom Kannon missed but the Lifta Droppa struck the Primarch full force. Death seemed certain as the Orks' force weapons threatened to tear Magnus the Red apart but he appealed to his master Tzeentch who protected his loyal servant from harm with his daemonic power.



TURN 2: Angron and his Bloodletters crush the Boarboyz.



TURN 2: Tzeentch flyers pounce on the Ork flank.

From the hill, the Cannons of Khorne fired once more, and although the colossal energies proved too much for one which exploded in a blistering burst of flame and molten brass, the other two struck and destroyed their targets: a pair of Squiggoths and three more Snakebites stands.

From the Ork side the Shokk Attack Guns once again failed to damage the Banelord Titan which stood immovable at the centre of the Chaos position. The Thousand Sons retaliated, unleashing a Vortex which just missed the Mekboy Gargant and ploughed through the trees on top of objective four!

Suddenly, with a great roar, the mighty Tzeentch Firelord emerged from behind the hill to soar over the rear of the Ork lines. As it passed over the Great Gargant, it lashed out with its banks of lascannons and dropped huge firestorm bombs onto the Gargant's head. Many of its force fields winked out of existence, but the Gargant held firm. Reaching its primary target, the Firelord's cannons spewed magical flame over the Braincrusha that had destroyed Lord Tzeentch's Silver Towers. The flames lapped around the Ork vehicles vaporizing them in an instant.

Enraged at their loss, Borzag commanded the Gork head to be turned towards the Firelord. As the Gretchin crew frantically cranked the handles, the gigantic cogs groaned and the head slowly turned until the flying terror was in its sights.

The Gargant's eyes began to glow as Da Gaze of Gork blazed out, to hold the Firelord firmly in the grasp of its Traktor Kannons. Its crew tried in vain to evade the beam but it was no use, and the Firelord was dragged down to the ground to be smashed on the scorched rocks below. With the rest of its armament, the Gargant turned its attention to the rest of the Chaos horde and managed to knock down two of the Banelord's shields and kill some of the Thousand Sons.

The Deathskulls, having no suitable targets in range, advanced towards the depleted Thousand Sons Marines, partly shielded by the Mekboy Gargant.

The Daemon Engines, which had rumbled out of the woods in order to avoid the effects of the Pulsa Rokkits, now moved to face the massed Snakebites in front of them. The Orks' packed formation made them an easy target for the Doom Blaster's mortars and the Brass Scorpion's rapid firing cannon which cut great bloody swathes through the Snakebites' ranks.

Shocked by the ferocity of the Daemon Engines' fire the remaining Squiggoth returned fire but the shots all went wide. This last effort was answered by a hail of bolter and missile fire from the World Eater Space Marines which felled the great beast, leaving objective seven undefended. The rest of the Legion fired at the Madboyz, killing all but one of them. At the loss of their comrades, the last Madboyz stand went wild with rage going totally berserk. They raked the Primarch Angron with a hail of fire which was deflected by his mighty daemonic aura.

Realising that the Snakebites were beginning to waver, the Banelord pressed the attack against them. Havoc missiles landed amongst them and heavy weapons pumped endless shells into the packed Boyz. When the smoke cleared, the shattered Snakebites clan had been well and truly broken!

TURN 2 VICTORY POINTS TOTAL

CHAOS RENEGADES: 34

WAAAGH SQUIGBREFF: 37

TURN 3



WAAAGH! SQUIGBREFF



CHAOS RENEGADES



Sensing that the tide of battle was turning in their favour the Chaos army let out a bloodcurdling cry and their whole force charged. Even the Vortex unleashed by the Thousand Sons in the previous turn moved off objective four and consumed some stands of Deathskulls. A detachment of Thousand Sons Marines, mutated with long legs, took the opportunity to run ahead of the rest to capture objective four. However, heavy fire from the Deathskulls filled the woods around the Thousand Sons with exploding bolter shells and the entire force was wiped out thereby reclaiming the objective for the Orks.

On the other side of the battlefield, the Orks were on the offensive, with the Goffs charging the Beastmen and Juggernauts. The Traktor Kannons, seeing their opportunity for glory in full sight of their Warboss, charged the immense Bloodthirster. The Daemon swiftly annihilated the Traktor Kannons and let out a triumphant bestial roar. Snatching his chance, Warlord Borzag aboard the Gargant hammered every weapon he could into the Bloodthirster's body. Bones shattered and flesh was torn apart, and this time Lord Khorne decided to leave his minion to his fate and so the Bloodthirster was drawn, screaming, back into the warp.

The remaining Doom Wing flew down low to join the combat but was sent spinning to a fiery grave by the concentrated fire of the heavily armed Ork Nobz.

Things were really starting to hot up now as Magnus the Red and the newly regenerated Bloodletters surrounded the Ork Skullhamma. Angron and the World Eaters, under the influence of the Khorne Blood Rage, charged forward to



TURN 3: Amongst the ruins of Canicula III the Banelord and the Mekboy Gargant clash in a fight to the death..



TURN 3: Savage hand-to-hand fighting as the armies battle for control of the Ork camp.

easily cover the immense distance between them and the undefended objective seven. The Squig Katapults tried desperately to dislodge the World Eaters from the bridge but even though two pots of squigs scored direct hits they failed to kill enough Space Marines and the World Eaters held the objective.



In the frenzied fighting on the edge of Canicula III the last Madboyz stand was destroyed in bitter fighting with the World Eaters Space Marines. The Shokk Attack Guns failed in their attempts to hit a Cauldron of Blood and the last Palsa Rokkit, over-fueled on this last occasion, flew over the heads of the Thousand Sons and only succeeded in killing a single stand of the Space Marines.

In the centre, the towering Banelord charged the beleaguered Mekboy Gargant. It was all down to close combat now. The Banelord struck a crushing blow at the Ork machine with its

whirling doomfist. The Gargant desperately tried to parry the blow with its Lifta Droppa arm, but the Banelord smashed it aside and rammed its fist into the Gargant's ammo box. Explosions wracked the huge metal construct as the main ammo store exploded leaving the Gargant a smoking ruin.

Over in the Ork camp, the Goffs were coughing and retching at the foul odour coming from one of the Juggers. The disgusting Chaos beast had been rewarded with the stench as a mark of favour by its Chaos masters. Thankfully, the Goff Nobz had been well equipped with Bionic Bitz before the battle and, even hampered as they were, managed to dispatch all the Juggernauts and Beastmen.

Seeing that Magnus and the Bloodletters had rent apart the Skullhamma, the Gibletrinda fired a volley of battle cannons into the Primarch. The shells punched huge holes in his torso and drained of power by the bitter struggle, he fled to the warp to heal his wounds, leaving his minions to their fate.

The game was over, and having both taken heavy losses, the combatants decided to withdraw from the field to lick their wounds so that they might fight another day.

TURN 3 VICTORY POINTS TOTAL

CHAOS RENEGADES: 45

WAAAGH SQUIGBREFF: 43

ORK DEBRIEFING

The fighting was over and I had achieved a draw (well marginal loss, but Orks never lose!). Looking back over the battle I didn't think that there was too much wrong with my plan.

In my original deployment perhaps the Snakebite and Goff clans should have been the other way around. It was always going to be difficult to cover the distance to the town so it didn't really matter which clan had to do it. On the other hand, if the Snakebites had been facing the Ork camp their Boarboyz could have reached it in the first turn. With the Great Gargant to lead them the Goffs might have better withstood the losses inherent in advancing across the whole battlefield because of the morale effects of the Gargant's Gork Head. The Deathskulls' deployment in the centre was alright, but they should have advanced in the first turn so that they would have had more targets in range for the rest of the battle.

As far as individual units are concerned the outstanding performance was the Great Gargant who constantly pounded the Chaos horde. By putting it on one flank I did restrict my choice of targets a bit, but luckily there were enough to last the full battle. With hindsight, perhaps it should have been set up where the Mekboy Gargant did as this would

have enhanced its role as heavy support for the Boyz. Most of the remainder of the Waaagh performed pretty much according to plan and did their job but were unexceptional.

The Guttrippas, Bonecrunchas and Traktor Kannons may have looked like futile gestures when they charged into combat, but they did have a purpose. The enemy units they charged were all in danger of making it to my lines and wreaking havoc among my Boyz. By putting these units in combat I held the Chaos forces up for a turn so that I could re-deploy my troops. In the case of the Traktor Kannons, they held the Bloodthirster in place so that my Great Gargant knew where to shoot it in the advance fire phase.

I try never to blame any losses on bad dice rolling as it is usually countered by excessively good dice rolling by another unit. But I do have to say that my Pulsa Rokkits all fell short by 5-10 cm due to low dice rolls and my Shokk Attack Guns didn't roll a single hit on the deviation dice in twelve shots!

Despite these little grumbles I am quite pleased with the performance of the Orks and would gladly fight with the same force again.

CHAOS DEBRIEFING

By the end of turn three I was confident that the tide of the green menace had turned — the Snakebites clan was all but obliterated, the Deathskulls were about to crumble. Only the Gargant and Goffs seemed to have come out of the battle lightly.

As I was now ahead in victory points my Chaos army had another advantage. If a Chaos force has the most victory points during a turn Khorne is pleased with his minions' offerings of blood and skulls. Any Banelord Titans and/or Daemon Engines in the Chaos host gain the benefit of Khorne's blessing. This gives each +1 on their to hit rolls, +1 on their saving throws, and one extra dice in close combat. Lucky for the Orks that we decided to end the carnage when we did.

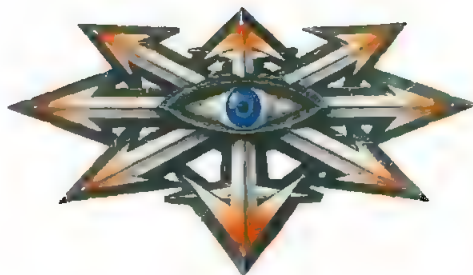
Concentrating my forces on one flank proved to be very successful. I had all but wiped out the Snakebites clan and had badly mauled units of the Deathskulls even though they moved too late to really worry me.

The mighty Primarch Angron had led his World Eaters brilliantly, crushing the Orks in his path as I had expected and achieving the capture of objectives seven and eight. The daemons to his left had found the going rather tougher as they slogged their way forward under heavy fire from the Ork horde. They swept over objective six and were only beaten back from objective five after a bitter struggle. Magnus the Red's Thousand Sons Space Marines had given the daemons stalwart support in their assault on objectives four and five but had also been beaten back after much bloody hand-to-hand fighting.

The Banelord was incredible. It strode through everything that the Orks could throw at it and emerged from the firestorm without a scratch. Not only that, but it also completely demolished the Mekboy Gargant in a single round of close combat leaving the giant Ork machine a

smouldering wreck. I was right to base my army around this colossal engine of destruction and I will certainly use it again without any hesitation.

On my left flank the expendable Beastmen did a great job of holding up an entire Ork clan which could have been much more dangerous elsewhere. Even though they were destroyed in the process they tied down a lot of enemy troops and managed to hold onto objective one.



On the far left of my line I had deployed the Tzeentch flyers who had caused quite a few problems for the Orks. Sadly, they couldn't stand up to the huge amount of fire that was directed at them. In some ways the fact that the Orks spent so much time and effort trying to kill them was a good thing as it allowed other units to advance unmolested. As it was, even though the flyers were badly shot up they still caused a lot of damage with their bombing runs along the Ork line.

Khorne was offered rivers of blood and mountains of skulls. Enough to please him briefly but never enough to quench his desire. The Chaos horde will return and its battlecry will ring out once more to terrify its mortal enemies: Blood for the Blood God!

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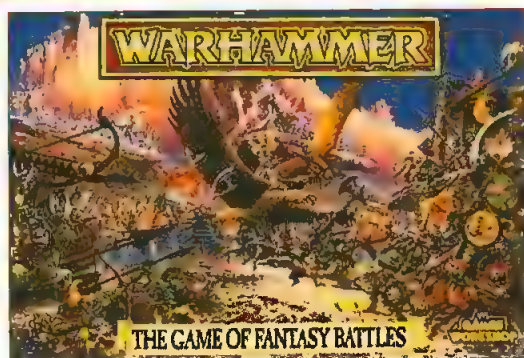
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STORMVERMIN
WITH HALBERD 1
74453/12



STORMVERMIN
WITH HALBERD 2
74453/3



STORMVERMIN
WITH HALBERD 3
74453/24

CLAN RATS



CLAN RAT
WITH SWORD 1
74450/53



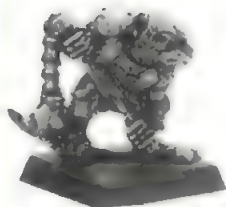
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WITH SWORD 2
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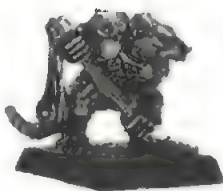
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WITH SWORD 3
74450/22



CLAN RAT
WITH SWORD 4
74450/20



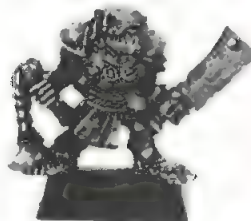
CLAN RAT
WITH FLAIL
74450/29



CLAN RAT
WITH STAFF SLING
74450/55



CLAN RAT
WITH CLUB
74450/9



CLAN RAT WITH
CLEAVER AND FLAIL
74450/63



CLAN RAT
WITH SPEAR 1
74450/25



CLAN RAT
WITH SPEAR 2
74450/56



CLAN RAT
WITH SPEAR 3
74450/54



CLAN RAT WITH
CLUB AND SWORD
74450/82



CLAN RAT WITH
SPIKED MACE
74450/27



CLAN RAT WITH
CLEAVER AND SWORD
74450/84

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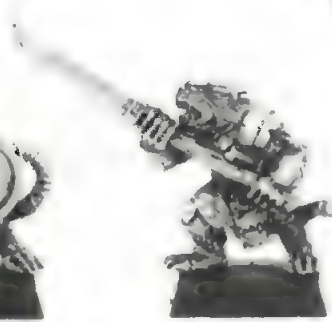


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74453/71



**STORMVERMIN
WITH HALBERD 5**
74453/73



**STORMVERMIN
WITH HALBERD 6**
74453/72



**STORMVERMIN
WITH HALBERD 7**
74453/74

PLAGUE MONKS



PLAGUE MONK 1
74454/75



PLAGUE MONK 2
74454/76



PLAGUE MONK 3
74454/77



PLAGUE MONK 4
74454/78

PLAGUE CENSER BEARERS



CENSER BEARER 1
74459/80



CENSER BEARER 2
74459/81

TROLLS

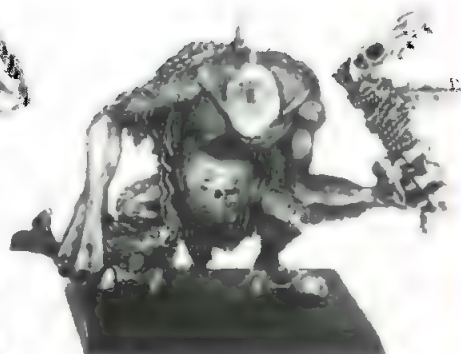
RIVER TROLLS



RIVER TROLL BODY 2
075385/2



RIVER TROLL BODY 1
075385/1



RIVER TROLL BODY 3
075385/3



RIVER TROLL HEAD 1
075385/4



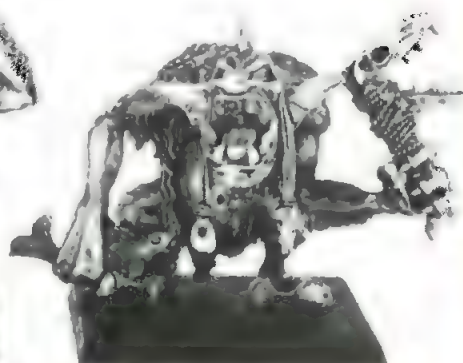
RIVER TROLL HEAD 2
075385/5



RIVER TROLL HEAD 3
075385/6

THE COMPLETE RIVER TROLL
CONSISTS OF:
1 x RIVER TROLL BODY
1 x RIVER TROLL HEAD
1 x MONSTER BASE

EXAMPLES OF COMPLETED RIVER TROLLS



Designed by Michael Perry

TROLL SLAYERS



TROLL SLAYER 1
88091/57



TROLL SLAYER 2
88091/51



TROLL SLAYER 3
88091/52

GIANT SLAYERS



GIANT SLAYER 1
88092/54



GIANT SLAYER 2
88092/53

DRAGON SLAYER



DRAGON SLAYER
88097/55

DAEMON SLAYER



DAEMON SLAYER
88098/98



ORKS

GOFF NOBS



GOFF NOB 1
70801/5

GOFF NOB 2
70801/2

GOFF NOB 3
70801/1

GOFF NOB 4
70801/3

GOFF NOB 5
70801/4

GOFF SKARBOYZ



GOFF SKARBOY 1
70800/3

GOFF SKARBOY 2
70800/4

GOFF SKARBOY 3
70800/5

GOFF SKARBOY 4
70800/1

GOFF SKARBOY 5
70800/2

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SPACE MARINES

BLOOD ANGEL DEATH COMPANY



BLOOD ANGEL DEATH
COMPANY TROOPER 1
0424/3



BLOOD ANGEL DEATH
COMPANY TROOPER 2
0424/4



BLOOD ANGEL DEATH
COMPANY TROOPER 3
0424/2



BLOOD ANGEL
CHAPLAIN
0424/1

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EXAMPLES OF COMPLETED DEATH COMPANY

JUMP PACK ASSAULT TROOPS



JUMP PACK TROOPER 1
0426/2



JUMP PACK TROOPER 2
0426/1



JUMP PACK SERGEANT
0426/3



JUMP PACK
0426/4

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ORK BOSSES

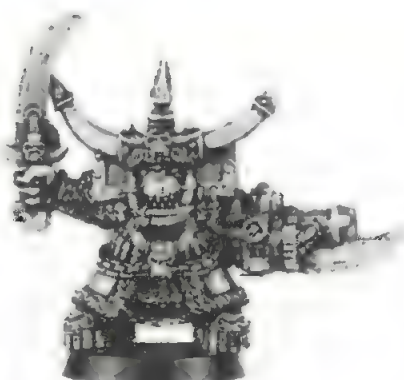
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DEATH SKULL
070669/6



GRETCHIN
STANDARD BEARER*
070784/2



WARLORD
GHAZGHKULL THRAKA*
070794/1



SNAKE BITE 2
070581/7



BAD MOON 1*
070669/4



GOFF 3
070561/8



EVIL SUNZ 2
070561/10



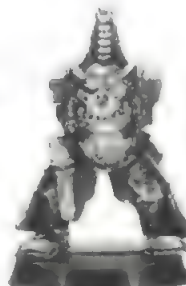
BLOOD AXE 1*
070669/1



BAD MOON 2
070669/11



GOFF 1
070669/3



EVIL SUNZ 1
070669/5



BLOOD AXE 2
070561/9



EXAMPLES OF THE COMPLETED ORK BOSSES

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GRETCHIN

GRETCHIN



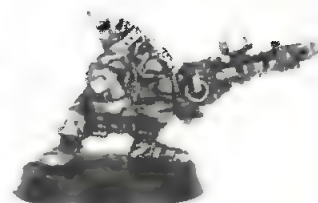
GRETCHIN 1
70559/31



GRETCHIN 2
70559/33



GRETCHIN 3
70559/28



GRETCHIN 4
70559/27



GRETCHIN 5
70559/29



GRETCHIN 6
70559/26



GRETCHIN 7
70559/30



GRETCHIN 8
70559/32



GRETCHIN 9
70559/37



GRETCHIN 10
70559/36



GRETCHIN 11
70559/38



GRETCHIN 12
70559/39



GRETCHIN 13
70559/34



GRETCHIN 14
70559/36

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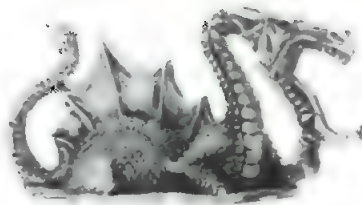
CITADEL
MINIATURES

MAN O' WAR

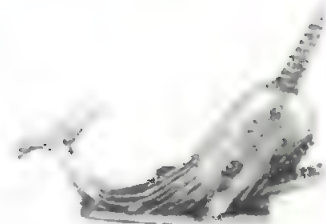
BEASTS OF THE DEEP



TRITON
78061/5



SEA DRAGON
78061/1



BEHEMOTH
78061/2

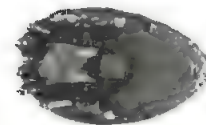
BLACK LEVIATHAN



THE COMPLETE BLACK LEVIATHAN
CONSISTS OF:
1 x BLACK LEVIATHAN HEAD
1 x BLACK LEVIATHAN LOWER JAW



BLACK LEVIATHAN HEAD
78061/3



**BLACK LEVIATHAN
LOWER JAW**
78061/4

MONSTERS OF THE SEA



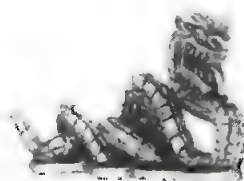
SEA ELEMENTAL
78062/5



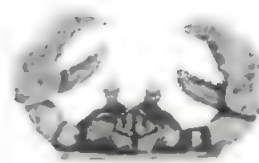
KRAKEN
78062/2



MEGALADON
78062/4



GARGANTUAN
78062/1



PROMETHEAN
78062/3

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MAN O' WAR

IMPERIAL GRIFFON RIDER



GRIFFON BODY
78006/2



EAGLE WINGS
78004/1

THE COMPLETE
IMPERIAL GRIFFON RIDER
CONSISTS OF:
1 x GRIFFON BODY
1 x EAGLE WINGS

NEW
RELEASE

ORC WYVERN RIDER



WYVERN BODY
78034/2



DRAGON WINGS
78005/1

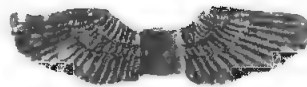
THE COMPLETE
ORC WYVERN RIDER
CONSISTS OF:
1 x WYVERN BODY
1 x DRAGON WINGS

NEW
RELEASE

HIGH ELF EAGLE RIDER



EAGLE BODY
78004/2



EAGLE WINGS
78004/1

THE COMPLETE
HIGH ELF EAGLE RIDER
CONSISTS OF:
1 x EAGLE BODY
1 x EAGLE WINGS

HIGH ELF DRAGON RIDER



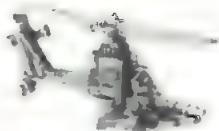
DRAGON BODY
78005/2



DRAGON WINGS
78005/1

THE COMPLETE
HIGH ELF DRAGON RIDER
CONSISTS OF:
1 x DRAGON BODY
1 x DRAGON WINGS

DWARF GYROCOPTER



GYROCOPTER WINGS
78063/2



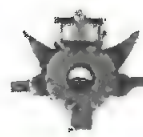
GYROCOPTER BODY
78063/1

THE COMPLETE
DWARF GYROCOPTER
CONSISTS OF:
1 x GYROCOPTER BODY
1 x GYROCOPTER WINGS

DWARF WAR BALLOON



BALLOON
78065/1



GONDOLA
78065/2

THE COMPLETE
DWARF WAR BALLOON
CONSISTS OF:
1 x BALLOON
1 x ARMOURD GONDOLA

Designed by Michael Perry and Norman Swales

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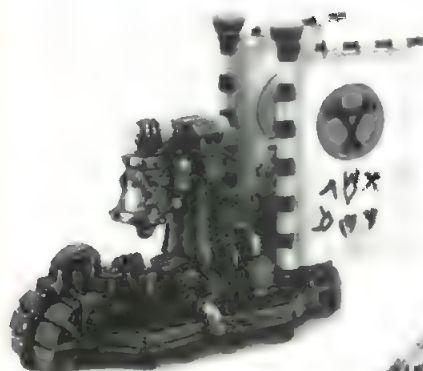
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SKAVEN WARSHIPS

SKAVEN DOOMBRINGER



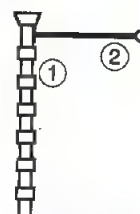
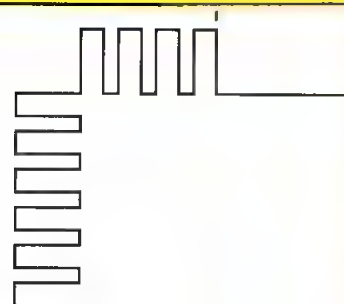
GREAT BELL
78045/2

DOOMBRINGER PADDLES
78045/3



DOOMBRINGER HULL
78045/1

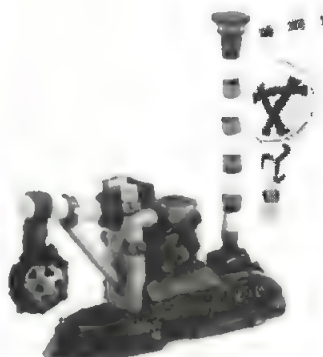
DOOMBRINGER PADDLES
78045/3



Doombringer
Masts: two 1s
Yards: two 2s

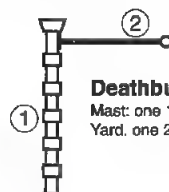
THE COMPLETE
SKAVEN DOOMBRINGER
CONSISTS OF:
1 x HULL
2 x PADDLES
1 x GREAT BELL

SKAVEN DEATHBURNER



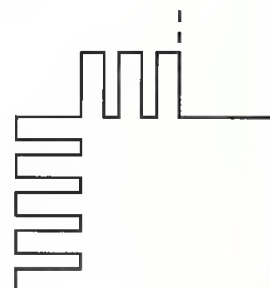
PLAGUEBURNER
78046/2

DEATHBURNER HULL
78046/1



Deathburner
Mast: one 1
Yard: one 2

THE COMPLETE
SKAVEN DEATHBURNER
CONSISTS OF:
1 x HULL
1 x PLAGUEBURNER

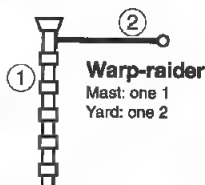


Warp-raider and
Deathburner Banners

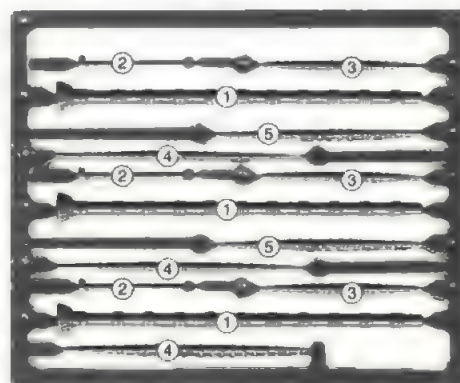
SKAVEN WARP-RAIDER



WARP-RAIDER
78047/1



Warp-raider
Mast: one 1
Yard: one 2



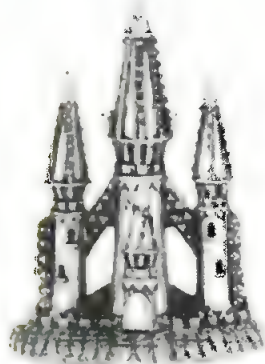
MAN O' WAR PLASTIC MAST SPRUE
MOWPLA2

THE LINE DRAWINGS ABOVE ILLUSTRATE THE CORRECT LENGTH FOR EACH MAST AND THE TYPE AND NUMBER OF YARD ARMS.
THE SAILS AND PENNANTS ABOVE MAY BE PHOTOCOPIED, CUT OUT, PAINTED AND STUCK TO YOUR MINIATURES.
PERMISSION GRANTED TO PHOTOCOPY FOR PERSONAL USE ONLY.

Designed by Dave Andrews

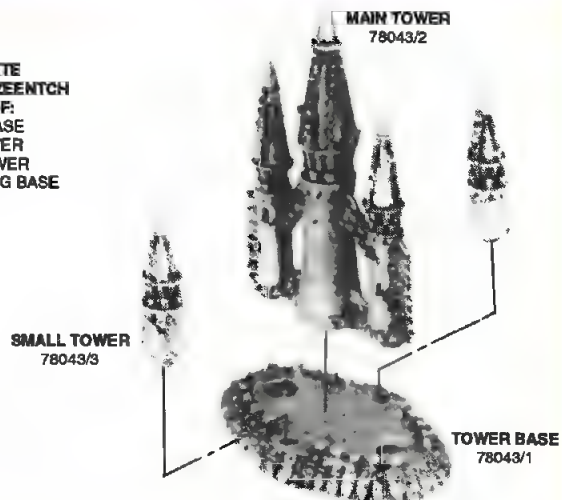
CHAOS WARSHIPS

BANETOWER OF TZEENTCH

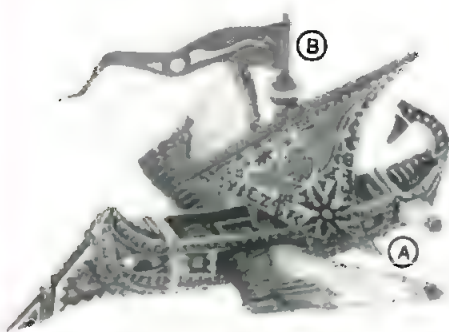


EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED BANETOWER OF TZEENTCH

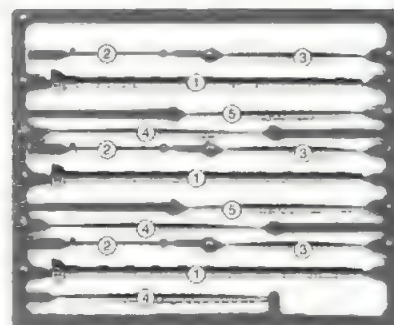
THE COMPLETE
BANETOWER OF TZEENTCH
CONSISTS OF:
1 x TOWER BASE
1 x MAIN TOWER
2 x SMALL TOWER
1 x PLASTIC FLYING BASE



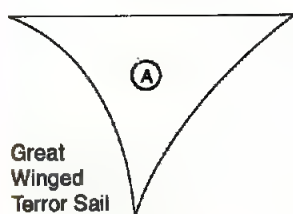
GREAT WINGED TERROR OF TZEENTCH



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED GREAT WINGED TERROR OF TZEENTCH



MAN O' WAR PLASTIC MAST SPRUE
MOWPLA/2



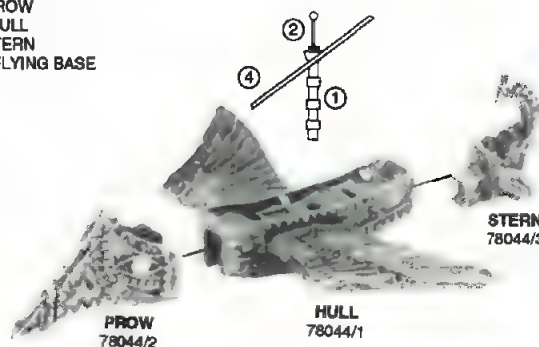
Great
Winged
Terror Sail



Great Winged Terror
Pennant

THE COMPLETE GREAT
WINGED TERROR OF TZEENTCH
CONSISTS OF:
1 x PROW
1 x HULL
1 x STERN
1 x PLASTIC FLYING BASE

Great Winged Terror
Masts: one 1, one 2
Yard: one 4



THE DIAGRAM ABOVE ILLUSTRATES THE CORRECT LENGTH FOR EACH MAST AND THE TYPE AND NUMBER OF YARD ARMS.
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MARINE TO USE THE
CONTENTS OF THIS BOOK.

**GAMES®
WORKSHOP**

EPIC TZEENTCH

TZEENTCH FIRE LORD

THE COMPLETE TZEENTCH FIRE LORD
CONSISTS OF:

- 1 X TZEENTCH FIRE LORD BODY
- 1 X TZEENTCH FIRE LORD WINGS
- 1 X PLASTIC FLYING BASE



**TZEENTCH
FIRE LORD
BODY**
076531/1



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED TZEENTCH FIRE LORD



**TZEENTCH
FIRE LORD
WINGS**
076531/2

SILVER TOWERS OF TZEENTCH

THE COMPLETE SILVER TOWER
OF TZEENTCH CONSISTS OF:

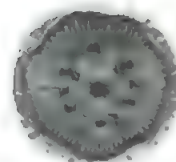
- 1 X SILVER TOWER OF TZEENTCH TOWER
- 1 X SILVER TOWER OF TZEENTCH BASE
- 1 X PLASTIC FLYING BASE



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED SILVER TOWER OF TZEENTCH



**SILVER TOWER
OF TZEENTCH
TOWER**
076532/1



**SILVER TOWER
OF TZEENTCH
BASE**
076532/2

DOOM WING



DOOM WING
076533/1

THE COMPLETE DOOM WING

CONSISTS OF:

- 1 X DOOM WING
- 1 X PLASTIC FLYING BASE



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Designed by Dave Andrews

DAEMON ENGINES OF KHORNE

BRASS SCORPION



THE COMPLETE
BRASS SCORPION
CONSISTS OF:
1 x BRASS SCORPION BASE
1 x SCORPION CANNON
2 x POWER SAW



SCORPION CANNON
076544/11



BRASS SCORPION BASE
076544/10



POWER SAW
076544/12

DOOM BLASTER



THE COMPLETE
DOOM BLASTER
CONSISTS OF:
1 x DOOM BLASTER BASE
1 x DOOM BLASTER LEFT
MORTAR
1 x DOOM BLASTER RIGHT
MORTAR
1 x BATTLE SCYTHE 3



DOOM BLASTER BASE
076545/13



DOOM BLASTER LEFT
MORTAR
076545/14

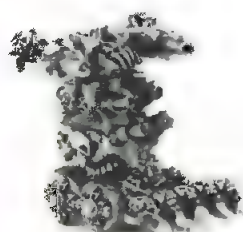


DOOM BLASTER RIGHT
MORTAR
076545/15



BATTLE SCYTHE 3
076545/16

BLOOD REAPER



THE COMPLETE
BLOOD REAPER
CONSISTS OF:
1 x SKULL CANNON
1 x BLOOD REAPER LEFT
TOWER
1 x BLOOD REAPER RIGHT
TOWER
1 x BATTLE SCYTHE 4



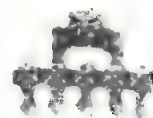
BLOOD REAPER LEFT TOWER
076546/17



BLOOD REAPER RIGHT TOWER
076546/18



SKULL CANNON
076546/19



BATTLE SCYTHE 4
076546/20

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CITADEL

CHAOS TITAN

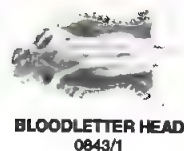
BANELORD CHAOS TITAN OF KHORNE.



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED BANELORD TITAN

THE COMPLETE CHAOS TITAN CONSISTS OF

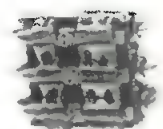
- 1 x HELLSTRIKE CANNON
- 1 x HAVOC MISSILE RACK
- 1 x HAVOC BANNAR POLES
- 1 x BLOODLETTER HEAD
- 1 x HEAD CANNON
- 1 x DOOMFIST
- 1 x KHORNE TAIL
- 1 x TITAN BODY SPRUE



BLOODLETTER HEAD
0843/1



HEAD CANNON
0843/2



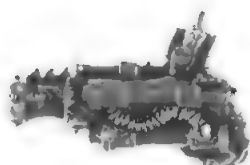
HAVOC MISSILE RACK
0843/7



KHORNE TAIL
0843/3



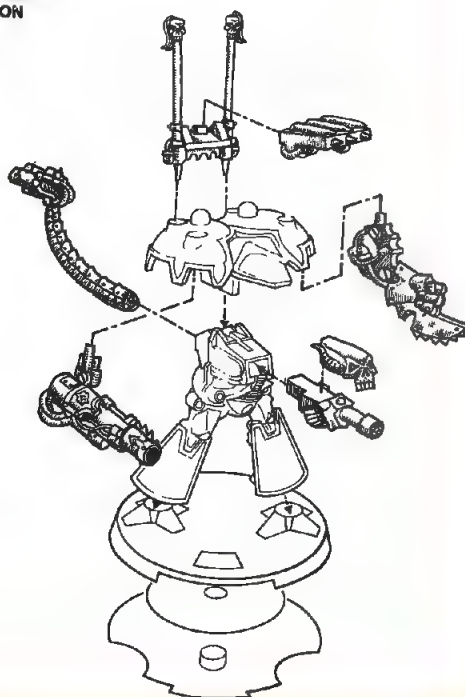
DOOMFIST
0843/5



HELLSTRIKE CANNON
0843/4



TITAN BODY SPRUE
(NOT SHOWN AT ACTUAL SIZE)
131186



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CITADEL
MINIATURES

CITADEL
MINIATURES

DAEMON ENGINES OF KHORNE

KHORNE LORD OF BATTLE

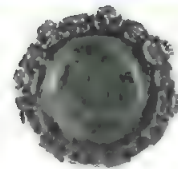


THE COMPLETE
KHORNE LORD OF BATTLE CONSISTS OF:

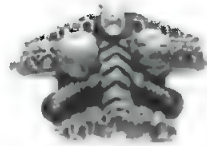
1 x CENTRE PIECE	1 x RIGHT HAND WEAPON
1 x SPIKED SHIELD	1 x LEFT HAND WEAPON
1 x TRACK UNIT	2 x WHEELS
1 x BODY	1 x HEAD



HEAD
076514/5



CENTRE PIECE
076514/3



BODY
076514/10



TRACK UNIT
076514/1



DEATH STORM LEFT ARM
076514/8



CHAIN FIST RIGHT ARM
076514/7



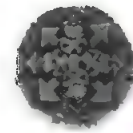
SPIKED SHIELD
076514/2



HELL BLADE LEFT ARM
076514/6



DOOM BURNER RIGHT ARM
076514/6



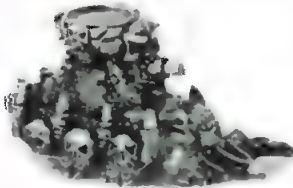
WHEEL
076514/4

CANNON OF KHORNE



CANNON OF KHORNE
076526/100

CAULDRON OF BLOOD



THE COMPLETE CAULDRON OF BLOOD CONSISTS OF:

1 x CAULDRON OF BLOOD BASE
1 x CAULDRON OF BLOOD TOWER
1 x BATTLE SCYTHE 1



BATTLE SCYTHE 1
76540/6



CAULDRON OF BLOOD TOWER
76540/5



CAULDRON OF BLOOD BASE
76540/4

TOWER OF SKULLS



THE COMPLETE TOWER OF SKULLS CONSISTS OF:

1 x TOWER OF SKULLS BASE
1 x SKULL TOWER
1 x BATTLE SCYTHE 2



BATTLE SCYTHE 2
76540/9



SKULL TOWER
76540/8



TOWER OF SKULLS BASE
76540/7

Designed by Dave Andrews

DAEMON ENGINES OF KHORNE

DEATHDEALER



THE COMPLETE DEATHDEALER CONSISTS OF:
1 x DEATHDEALER BASE
1 x DEATHDEALER GUN TOWER
1 x DEATHDEALER MACHINE WARRIOR



DEATHDEALER MACHINE WARRIOR
76540/3



DEATHDEALER GUN TOWER
76540/2

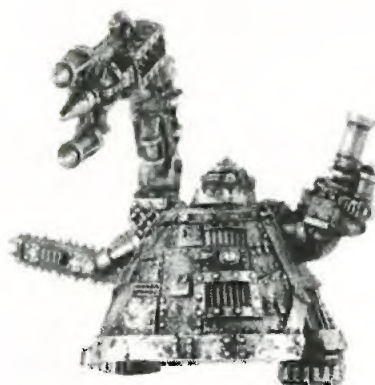


DEATHDEALER BASE
76540/1

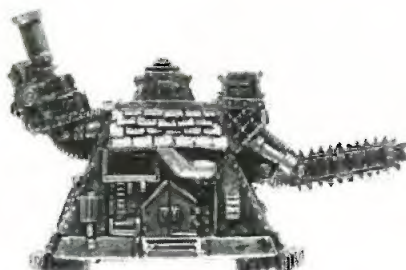
Designed by Dave Andrews

ORK WAR MACHINES

MEKBOY GARGANT



THE COMPLETE MEKBOY GARGANT
CONSISTS OF:
1 x MEKBOY ARM VARIANT
1 x MEKBOY BODY
1 x MEKBOY BELLY
1 x MONSTER BASE



(REAR VIEW)
MEKBOY GARGANT BODY
076223/1



MEKBOY GARGANT BELLY
076223/2



MEKBOY GARGANT
SUPER LIFTA DROPPA ARM
076223/4



MEKBOY GARGANT
KRUSHER ARM
076223/5



MEKBOY GARGANT
BUZZ SAW ARM
076223/3

Designed by Kev Adams

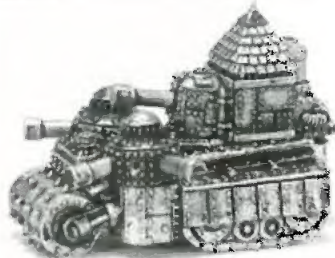
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ORK WAR MACHINES



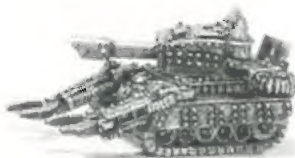
SKULL HAMMA



GIBLET GRINDA



BRAIN CRUSHA



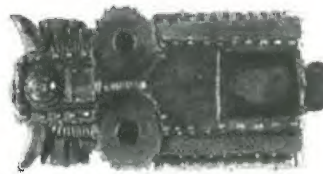
GUT RIPPA



BONE CRUNCHA



BOWEL BURNA



**SKULL HAMMA
CHASSIS
076247/1**

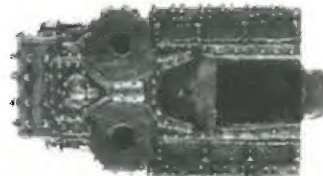
THE COMPLETE SKULL HAMMA CONSISTS OF:
1 x SKULL HAMMA CHASSIS
1 x BOILER
2 x SKULL HAMMA TURRETS



**BOILER
076247/2**



**SKULL HAMMA
TURRET
076247/3**



**GIBLET GRINDA
CHASSIS
076247/4**

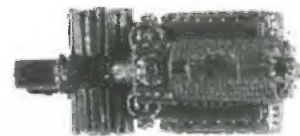
THE COMPLETE GIBLET GRINDA CONSISTS OF:
1 x GIBLET GRINDA CHASSIS
2 x GIBLET GRINDA TURRETS
1 x GIBLET GRINDA OBSERVATION TOWER



**GIBLET GRINDA
TURRET
076247/6**



**GIBLET GRINDA
OBSERVATION TOWER
076247/5**

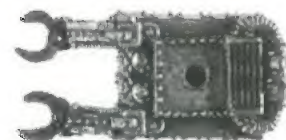


**BRAIN CRUSHA
CHASSIS
76300/7**

THE COMPLETE BRAIN CRUSHA CONSISTS OF:
1 x BRAIN CRUSHA CHASSIS
1 x OBSERVATION TOWER



**OBSERVATION
TOWER
76300/8**

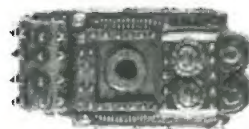


**GUT RIPPA
CHASSIS
76300/2**

THE COMPLETE GUT RIPPA CONSISTS OF:
1 x GUT RIPPA CHASSIS
1 x GUT RIPPA TURRET



**GUT RIPPA
TURRET
76300/3**

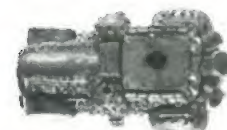


**BONE CRUNCHA
CHASSIS
76300/4**

THE COMPLETE BONE CRUNCHA CONSISTS OF:
1 x BONE CRUNCHA CHASSIS
1 x DUAL AUTO CANNON TURRET



**DUAL AUTO
CANNON TURRET
76300/5**



**BOWEL BURNA
CHASSIS
076250/9**

THE COMPLETE BOWEL BURNA CONSISTS OF:
1 x BOWEL BURNA CHASSIS
1 x BOWEL BURNA TURRET



**BOWEL BURNA
TURRET
076250/10**

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Designed by Kev Adams

EPIC ORK

GREAT GARGANT

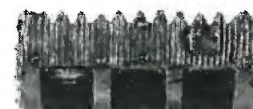


EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED ORK GARGANT

THE COMPLETE ORK GREAT GARGANT

CONSISTS OF:

- 3 x BODY SECTIONS
- 1 x HEAD
- 2 x FEET
- 2 x SHOULDER MOUNTS
- 1 x OBSERVATION TURRET
- 1 x SCORCHER GUN
- 1 x FURNACE DOOR
- 1 x SUPER LIFTA DROPPA
- 1 x GUTBUSTER MEGA-CANNON
- 1 x MEGA-CANNON
- 1 x BALCONY



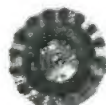
BALCONY
0827/9



FURNACE DOORS
0827/22



SCORCHER
TURRET
0827/14



OBSERVATION
TURRET
0827/13



MEGA-CANNON
0827/26



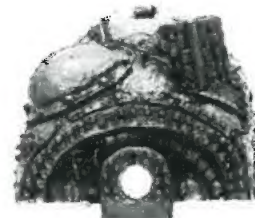
WEAPON
MOUNT 2
0827/12



WEAPON
MOUNT 1
0827/11



SUPER LIFTA DROPPA
0827/24



BODY SECTION 5
0827/21



FOOT
0827/10



GUTBUSTER
MEGA-CANNON
0827/25



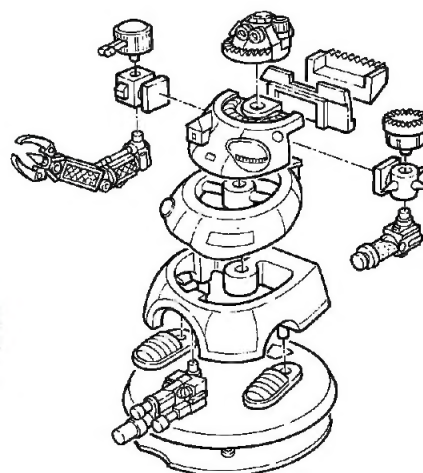
GORK HEAD 2
0827/23



BODY SECTION 4
0827/20



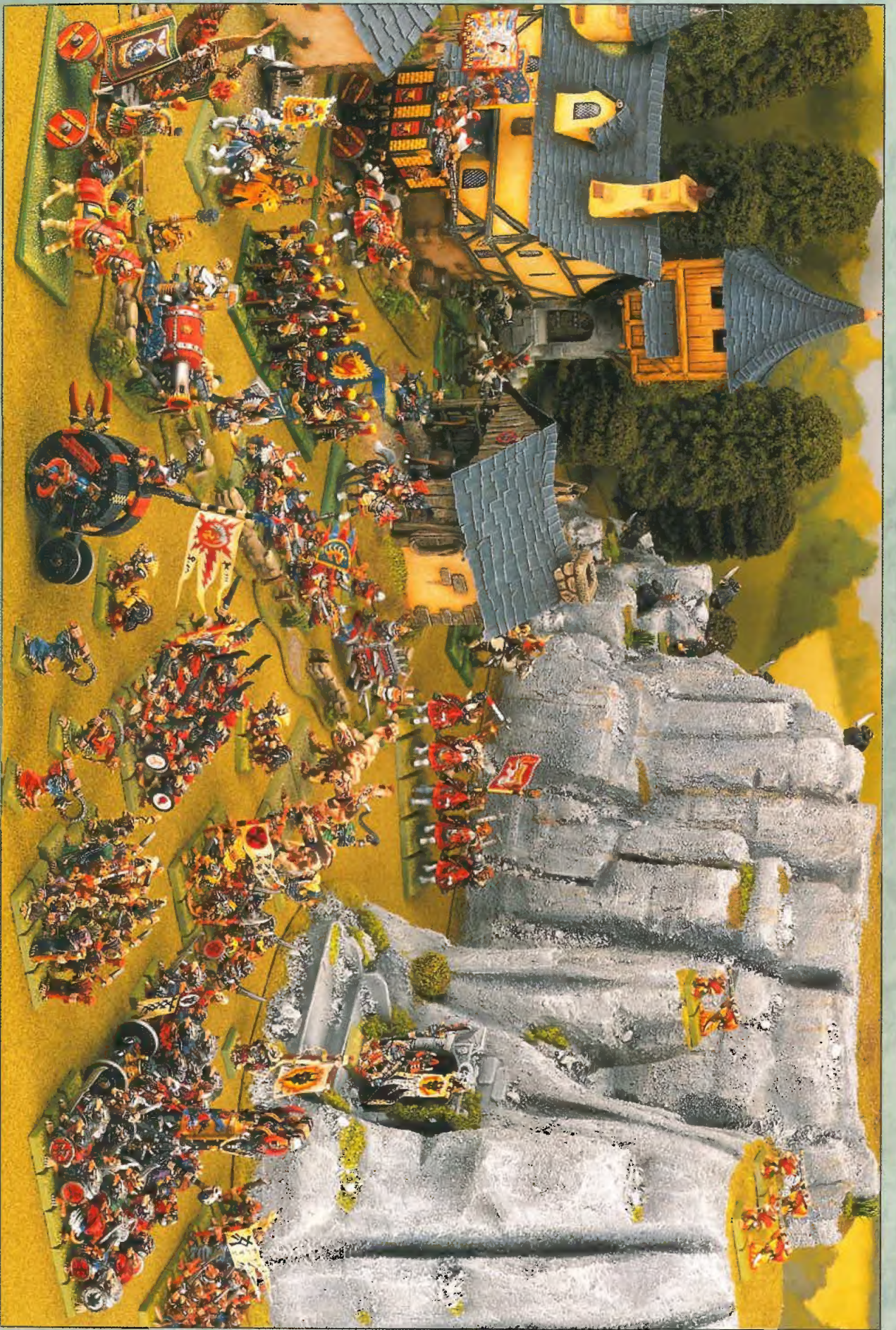
BODY SECTION 2
0827/5



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A MIGHTY SKAVEN HORDE SWARMS FORWARD TO SWEEP AWAY AN EMPIRE AND DWARF ALLIANCE